THE SATURDAY EVE

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LOVE'S REPROACH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Love! bear with me a little space;
The way we tread will not be long.
Forgive the tear-stains on my face,
I feel I am no longer strong.
My life has been so sad and cold,
And I, alas! am growing old.

Not yonder! There lie youth and hope,
The backward path is not for me.
Beside that warm and sunny slope
Lie the sleuth-hounds of memory.
Ah me! life cannot move too fast
For one who flyeth from the past.

Your fair, false face; Love's bitter-sweet!
Your vows, pledged to the powers above!
My heart lies broken where your feet
So lightly dance from love to love.
Ah! once your tender lips and eyes
Won that fond heart you now despise.

Alas! not only they who sin
Drain sorrow's bitter cup and live.
Love, tell me what my fault has been,
Till I repent and you forgive.
Why am I made the sport of fate,
Sick, and sad, and desolate?

My life draws to its end; I know
That pain and grief are mortal ills,
The waves of death upon me flow
Down all life's bleak and frozen hills;
Fatal to me are Time's decrees,
And cruel all my memories.

Hope's golden walls are overthrown,
And fast the darkness floweth in.
'Tis sad to feel, and stand alone,
The day depart, the night begin;
No star of love will ever shine
Upon this dreary night of mine.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEAN AND BARBARA RAKE ASHES.

Mr. Raye, Mrs. Wallace's guest, had not returned from New York as the family expected, and Miss Copeland's betrothal had changed the programme of the day's arrangements.

It had been decided by the sensible Olivia and her future mother-in-law, that it would be better to announce the engagement at once, although neither of them particularly explained their reasons for the haste. Mrs. Wallace knew that her son was, if not exactly fickle, apt to weary with the object of his devotion. To be sure she had never been able to induce him to go so far before as to actually pledge himself to any young lady for life, but she had seen him apparently quite as much in love as he appeared now, and yet he had always been able to whistle off his fancies, and disappoint her anxious heart which looked to matrimony as the influence that was to develope the strong points of good in his nature, and make his character firm and energetic.

Miss Copeland was just the daughter-in-law she would have selected and chosen had he given her the commission to execute. She was handsome enough for any position, and most satisfactorily endowed by her aunt's will. She was dignified, amiable and sensible, with sufficient self-control to leave Louis free to follow his own tastes and habits, without the petulant interference of a capricious beauty. She was companionable, received advice graciously, and had, beside, the wisdom to appear much impressed with Mrs. Wallace herself. Still although she was so desirable in her eyes, or perhaps for that very reason, did that anxious mamma regard her son's fidelity as questionable, and feel glad to think that the announcement of the engagement would lessen the chances of temptation, and divert the attentions of young ladies hitherto bent on his subjugation.

Miss Copeland in her own heart acknowledged some reasons almost akin to these. She had felt from the first that he had rather distinguished her by his attentions, but she knew that she had divided his fancy with a dozen others for a few moments at a time, who had been able to attract him by their gayety or beauty. She had triumphed over them all, and gained his love, in which she believed with her whole heart, and in which she gloried in the still depths of her inmost soul, but she was not free from a troubled doubt and a sickening fear that would obtrude in the midst of her joy with the question, "Can I hold his love and keep it firm and true?"

So when Mrs. Wallace proposed to ride over to Mrs. Darwood's and mention the affair at once, Olivia knew that it would soon circulate freely, and approved the plan.

There were notes to be written to their most intimate friends, and Olivia could not forbear writing a pleasant little letter to Madam Legree, in which the fact communicated itself incidentally, for she was flutteringly proud of her happiness, and almost feared she should give too exulting expression to her joy.

She sat alone in her great chamber and planned the splendid ceremonies which were to see her made a wife; she luxuriated in the grandeur with which she could bestow herself upon the man her heart had chosen, and for his sake she doubly prized the wealth that she could bring him. No one would have dreamed of how thoroughly she gave up her thoughts to the luxury of brooding over her bliss. She feared ridicule, and never courted or lavished confidence, her principles were keenly cultivated, and all her impulses were kept in check, therefore she revelled in her love by stealth, and only showed in the sweet, bright calmness of her face the pleased rapture of her soul.

Louis admired her more thoroughly than any woman he had ever seen, she was so well balanced, he said to himself, so reliable, and she crossed a room like a queen. These superior qualifications won his fancy, and as much of his heart as ever was in action at once. She seemed so entirely in earnest that it made him so too, and to do him justice, he never thought of her without wishing that he were worthier of the heart he had won. She met him with a smile, and a strong inward struggle to be calm, for she felt that a free expression of her feelings would be unwomanly and indelicate, but therein she failed in understanding the man to please whom was the first object of her life.

Slow to speak himself, he liked talkers, and dull to feel, he prized keenly sensitive people. In fact he relished best what was most unlike himself, and shrunk from sluggishness or inanity as moral death and desolation.

Olivia was neither quiet nor stupid, she was eminently sensible and pleasing, and spoke well, though sparingly, on all subjects. She never could do anything original or say anything startlingly brilliant, she rather avoided such a style as an unenviable peculiarity, and as every one confessed who knew her, succeeded in being a perfectly agreeable and well-bred young lady, dignified without affectation, and intelligent without presumption.

Miss Leonore Raye troubled the affianced husband of this pattern young lady, much more than was proper or consistent under the circumstances for a companion of his lady-love to do. He explained the matter to himself by saying,

"She is Olivia's ward, one may say, and I shall be obliged to make myself agreeable to the odd little thing. I must really study the diminutive sphynx and find out what sort of being she is."

He made up his mind to this course, as if it were a positive duty to be entered on, and pursued it with much more interest and avidity than duties of any kind generally received at his hand.

It did not at all suggest itself to him that his future sisters-in-law were to be understood and won over. In fact, he rather overlooked the pretty blondes, much to their own satisfaction, for they feared him as the man who was to be Olivia's ruler, and consequently theirs.

Mr. Raye returned by-and-by to Riverbend, and brought with him his wife, a lady whom Mrs. Wallace had never seen, and only invited at her son's desire, because, as he said, they had been very civil to him in Scotland. This addition to the family became the occasion of a grand dinner party, at which Olivia was to be present in character, as a sort of proclamation of the expected matrimonial connection.

Leonore Raye and Adah and Bertha looked on the ceremony as a bore, for they had heard nothing else discussed between their sister and Mrs. Wallace than the extent to which they might carry its splendor without outraging the solemn etiquette of their supposed sorrow.

Black dresses are not capable of much ornamentation, and Mrs. Wallace implored Olivia to allow her to alleviate the sombre hue, by a gleam or two of purple and a dash or so of white, but Miss Copeland was steadfast in her propriety, and dressed herself in the blackest and heaviest of crapes and bombazines, in which, to do her justice, she looked uncommonly well.

There was one thing very odd and particularly worthy of attention in the arrangement of the day's toilettes. Leonore would not give the sisters the least satisfaction on the subject of her dress, although, as is usual in such small lady confidences, they had discussed with her every fold and ribbon of their own. She shut herself up in her own dressing-room, and with Barbara's aid made herself lovely. Now, Barbara being housekeeper, was somewhat out of place in the character of dressing-maid, but the willful little Miss Raye appropriated her services and coolly r
girl whose place it wa
"Barbara," she said
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"shall you be too bu
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The woman's face l
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Wallace, and The Pop
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"I know you, Jean
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all men a bitter grud
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guess work, and you
prove that I am right.
love money—there's
have me set you on
and gain gold would
I am an old woman, J
to bring my withered
shall never look upon

Y MORNING POST

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face before him. He
me again to know me,

under the light of Heaven. I was young, and may claim to have been beautiful, since it cost me so much in the past; that has all gone, and all that belonged to the time went with it. What I am here, is all that remains of me, and there is nothing to waken, no memory, no past—only dust and ashes that having once burned out can never be started into a flame again."

"You are either a fool, or you are playing with and trying to deceive me. I believe you are a hypocrite, and I will not heed you. No, Barbara Berryl, I have gone over the road with too many, to miss the path now; and Dorsett's name wakes even you—though you struggle to deceive me, who knew the whole story."

"I said you did not know me, Jean," persisted the housekeeper, gently. "You will learn better by-and-by, and then we can talk more freely. Where do you go to night?"

"I will stay here, as you know; Miss Copeland wants me to sort her laces to-morrow, and take such as need repairing to the city. Why do you ask so often?" replied Jean, shortly.

"Did I ask before? then I am stupid and surely growing old. I have a heavy head to-day, and will go to bed early, since the ladies will be at the Bend till late at night."

Jean looked up sharply, as the housekeeper made this announcement, and then sat silent awhile, nursing her knee between her clasped hands, while Barbara consulted the little book at her girdle, and took out certain packages from her presses.

"I must carry these below to Margery," she said, "I think you do ill to keep your bundles closed, while the poor maids are all agape to buy ribbons and pins."

"*Poor custom,*" *muttered Jean,* "*and* great bother; I wish the silly souls would be content to buy their things half yearly, and make a bargain worth spreading one's wares for. They must see everything, and turn and twist every ell of goods in my packet to buy a few coppers' worth of tape."

Barbara smiled.

"You forget Miss Bessard's advice, 'Keep on good terms with the people below stairs, for I would not have any of them fancy that you came here solely for my sake.' That was a wise caution not to be scoffed at, Jean. The young ladies are fickle and may not need your service long. You know Margery and her friends will always give you a welcome."

"That's true, my wise Barbara, and I'll go down and give them their satisfaction in staring and pricing everything. I promised when I was here a few days ago, to bring combs and pomatum, and by good luck I have both with me."

There was a short, square outside pocket, tied around the wandering dealer's waist, under the coat, that she had now thrown open in the warm room—the string had broken at the side, and Barbara had watched her put her hand into it every time she spoke of Dorsett, and urged upon her the pursuit and revenge of early wrongs. As she now rose it fell lightly on the ground at her side, and Barbara, stepping towards it, covered it with her skirt as the other moved away. When Jean reached the door Barbara dropped one of her packages.

"Don't stay for me, she said. "I've broken this paper and must get a better one."

Jean went down, and Barbara, closing the door, hastily slid a little bolt in the handle and ran and lifted up the pocket. It was empty of everything except a few shreds of lace pinned on paper as patterns, and a small card with the names "Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Raye." It was this Barbara had looked for; finding it, she clutched it eagerly and held it up before her eyes.

She had said she was old, and that bygones were forgotten, never to be recalled; but if the names were connected with the past, it was still fresh enough in her mind to change her whole bearing and convulse her features beyond the power of her control. She held the card in her trembling hand and seemed to devour the few letters with her greedy eyes; then she dashed it on the floor, as though she would tread it under her feet; but the habit of her life prevailed. She looked cautiously around, as if fearing that despite the locked door some prying eye might see her; then she picked up the paper, smoothed it and put it in the place she had taken it from, replacing the pocket on the floor as she did so.

"As I thought," she said to herself, "as I thought, and this woman has been deceiving me, of which she shall live to repent."

But she did not speak this aloud. She only went below, where Jean was busy arguing with the maids about prices, and said, "Has your pocket got money in it, Jean? If it has, you are careless; it's lying on the carpet in the room above, and had I not had my arms full, I would have brought it down to you."

CHAPTER IX.

A CEREMONIOUS OCCASION.

Mr. Louis Wallace resigned himself to despair when his mother informed him that it was actually indispensable that they should receive and entertain the neighboring gentry with a dinner party. Miss Copeland would have argued ill for their future happiness had she overheard the expressions of petulant ill-temper with which he contradicted his mother's reasons for the advisability of such a reception.

"It is exactly like showing off the paces of a pair of match horses," he said. "Of course I'm proud of the dear girl and delighted and all that, but to lose the comfortable sense of being able to have one's own way in society, and to be obliged to frisk about in a new character is a horrid bore, and I don't mean to endure it."

"I don't understand you, Louis," faltered his mother. "I thought you were really rather fond of company. You used to urge me to extend my circle and be gayer than I quite liked."

"Society and gayety are all very well; but don't you see, here are the Rayes, and you are going to ask everybody else, before all of whom I shall appear in my new role, with Olivia all consciousness and blushes. The party's all very right; but it's the position I object to. The girls are in deep mourning, and I really think it would have been in better taste for them to have remained away and let people become gradually used to the idea."

It is barely possible that Mrs. Wallace suspected in her inmost heart that this dear son of hers enjoyed the lazy sway he held among the young ladies of their society, and that she determined to nip it by this same ruthless announcement, but she merely said that Olivia, preferring to remain uncongratulated, except by their most intimate friends, her lover need be under no apprehensions of a scene or display, and she thought it due to Mrs. Raye that she should be presented to his future wife.

So the time came and the company assembled. Mrs. Darwood, Mrs. Barton Wetherington, and all that party from Maple Hill, Mrs. Grover and her daughters, and the Lindons and Perrys, and other elegant families from Stapleton, the nearest town. Nearly all were seated and dinner was about to be announced, when the ladies from The Poplars arrived, and Louis, who was rather luxuriating with his friend Raye among the pretty and agreeable Grover and Wetherington girls, grew confused and embarrassed, despite every effort to the contrary, as Olivia entered, and his mother received her with impressive ceremony. The pretty blondes followed close, and before he could rise to meet them his friend Raye whispered in his ear, "Who is that exquisite little creature? What a radiant little gem!"

He knew it was Leonore before he saw her, and the next instant he caught sight of the dainty, graceful figure in shining white robes, as like a beautiful angel surrounded by clouds of black drapery, she seemed to float towards him in the sweeping darkness of the sisters' dresses.

He did not know how she was arrayed, or why she looked so exquisitely, beamingly pure and lovely, but the stately grace of his betrothed palled on him, and the fair and timid beauty of her sisters was insipid compared to hers.

Olivia's face was cold and her manner had a tinge of stiffness. He presented her to his friend—Mr. Raye, Miss Copeland—she bowed a little coldly, and with scarce her usual grace. The sisters were flurried, and blushed childishly. "Miss Leonore Raye," repeated Louis. She was neither cold nor timid; she smiled, and every light in her radiant face flashed out on him; she bowed, the waving of blue bells could not have been more graceful. There was a peculiarity in her manner, that was not in the least bold or unformed, but she could sometimes throw aside all ceremony and speak with a frank, winsome trustfulness that was in itself a charm.

"I have longed so to see you, Mr. Raye," she said. "I am a relationless waif on the face of existence, and even a similarity in name is a strong tie of sympathy in perfect loneliness."

Strange to say, Louis, who had told his friend that this little Miss Raye was a charming sort of oddity, and hoped he would fancy her, felt an indefinable pang of jealousy, which his conscience soon smote him for entertaining as absurd and unworthy, when he saw the half-implied appeal of her glance and heard the soft music of her tender voice.

Olivia's eyes recalled him to the folly of his position, and their look of cold surprise stung him into remembrance of his duty.

"Let me present you to Mrs. Raye," he whispered to her; "there are so many people here and my mother is so quiet, that it makes a heavy business of entertaining. Why were you so late?"

He meant his tone for tenderness; and after the least possible pause, Olivia answered. They had waited for Miss Raye, she said, and the effort to say it amiably evidently caused her an effort.

"Here was Mrs. Raye." Evidently her lover did not wish to hear in what way Miss Raye had offended, for he had made haste to

take the injured lady of The Poplars to where his friend's wife sat and presented them to each other.

Miss Copeland had much the advantage in personal appearance, though the lady was quite young and rather pretty. She was brilliantly dressed, and wore a good deal of flashing jewelry, but she was not a perfectly elegant woman, as her husband seemed to tacitly acknowledge, by taking so much comfort in the society of other ladies. She was, however, quite talkative and agreeable, and her inclination was evidently towards confidence and enthusiasm.

"I am delighted to meet you, dear Miss Copeland," she cried. "I feel quite familiar with you already from kind Mrs. Wallace's description. We think of buying a place in Stapleton, and it will be just the most charming thing in the whole world to be near such perfectly lovely people as I find about the neighborhood."

It was the intention of Mr. Wallace that Olivia should fall into the toils of this gushing lady, and so be kept occupied from claiming too much from his gallantry during the dinner. She saw he meant her to be amiable to Mrs. Raye, and she sat down beside her and talked a little and listened a great deal. The lady was nearly a score of years younger than her husband, and had been his wife only for a twelvemonth. It was their bridal trip, she informed Olivia, that led them to Scotland; they had taken a cottage on the Clyde and enjoyed it *so* much, particularly while they were able to persuade Mr. Wallace to remain with them, he being, as she averred, *such* company.

Olivia did not question her, nor particularly invite confidence, but as soon as Louis had retired, which he hastened to do as soon as possible, the new comer began to impart the story of her life in a desultory way, intermixing her narrative with comments or rather eulogies on the company and place. She was an orphan, educated by a dear, indulgent old uncle, she said, and then she paused a moment to promise Olivia the future pleasure of knowing and loving the dear, kind soul. Mr. Raye had been his guest and won her heart; it was a pure love match, and Miss Copeland would readily understand when she knew her husband, how naturally it fell out. He was older than she, but not very much, if you took into account his delightful spirits and the youthful freshness of his nature. They had wandered about a good deal through foreign countries, which the enthusiastic lady described as splendid, magnificent, or perfectly glorious; but Olivia could see that with all her rapture the poor soul was tired of travelling, and would enjoy being settled at home once more.

Mr. Raye, she confessed with a little hesitation, was fond of change—that is, he was not quite satisfied without it—and so she was learning to like it, too, although she found it rather tiresome now, and was consequently rejoiced to hear that she was to have a home at Stapleton. Mr. Wallace had told her so. Mr. Raye liked Mr. Wallace *so* much; and perhaps it is to be near him that he had at last consented to make a settled home.

Olivia could not forbear repeating—

"Mr. Wallace told you? Why, does Mr. Raye mean to surprise you, that he does not consult your taste?"

"Oh no, it is his disposition—that is, he would rather manage every thing himself, and of course I am only too glad to be spared all trouble or responsibility about the property. Uncle Stephen used to make me listen to all the details and give my approval or disapproval on all subjects, so that I should thoroughly understand the management of my own fortune, as he said; but it was a great bore, and so unnecessary, since Mr. Raye is such an admirable business man that he never requires more than my signature."

Then the happy possessor of this invaluable husband sighed faintly, and admitted that she had one little bit of trouble, that from the serious and saddened look her face assumed, appeared to give her more than a little bit of uneasiness. Her uncle and her husband did not agree well; in fact, the good, affectionate old man was over-anxious and old-fashioned in his notions about some things, and Mr. Raye naturally felt impatient with an intellect so much less keen than his own. The devoted wife sighed and shook her head—it would be all right soon, she trusted, and dear uncle Stephen would come and visit them.

Olivia was too well acquainted with the world to mistake the true character of the woman who so freely claimed her interest and bestowed her confidence. She followed her glance as it wandered over the drawing-room to find the object of her adoration, and almost shuddered to see that the mistaken creature was blind even to her lord's faithless fancies. He was still talking to Leonore, and every line of his bright and ardent face displayed the pleasure with which she inspired him.

"He is so kind, and understands so well how to be entertaining," said his wife, in fond admiration. "Mrs. Wallace made him promise to assist her, and he is keeping his word."

Olivia did not answer. She was looking steadily at the gentleman so prominently brought to her notice, and as she acknowledged to herself he was indeed both handsome and agreeable, suddenly she exclaimed:

"Look, pray look, did you ever see anything so perfectly astonishing as the likeness between the two faces?"

Mrs. Raye started—Olivia's tone was so excited and interested that she looked at the quiet and dignified lady who displayed such unexpected feeling with some astonishment.

"Do you mean my husband and that little creature in white?" she asked. "A likeness between them! Oh, impossible. She is rather pretty, or I suppose she is considered so. She has a beautiful complexion and good eyes, but what an odd dress. White cloth or merino, is it not? with jet belt and bracelets, and snow drops in profusion. I can't conceive what made any one select such a curious style. Do you know her, Miss Copeland?"

"It is Miss Raye, one of our household at The Poplars," said Olivia, hastily. "I should have told you so at first, but the wonderful resemblance which I cannot help but see between her and your husband really electrified me."

"Miss Raye! Perhaps it is a relative. I will ask Lionel some time."

She did not ask him then, certainly, for with all her love she was a very timid wife, and seemed strangely in awe of the object of her affections. As for him, he gave himself no possible trouble about her in any way, and went down to dinner looking into the beautiful eyes of the little lady whose side he had never left since their first introduction.

Louis gave his arm to Mrs. Raye, and a stranger from New York, who was a guest of the Lindons of Stapleton, escorted Olivia, who plunged into conversation on that favorite theme of New Yorkers, their own magnificent city.

This was not an agreeable entertainment to three people, although there was a more than usually brilliant company who seemed to make the best of the dull occasion, a country dinner party. The first of these was anxious Mrs. Wallace, despite whose strongest efforts her son would not assume the position she had so earnestly desired him to take as Olivia's accepted lover. He steadily and provokingly abstained from offering her any attentions or remaining a moment at her side, and against every device to the contrary, threw himself back into his old manner of inviting coquetry by his overacted assumption of listless coldness.

Neither was Olivia happy, the man she loved with her whole heart did not satisfy its cravings. Not for worlds would she have acknowledged him faulty or fickle, nothing could have been farther from her thoughts than to accuse him of want of truth or manly purpose, and yet she neither trusted in him nor rested secure in his promised love. So she was unhappy without confessing the cause, and said to herself by way of excuse,

"That Mrs. Raye is blind—what a pitiful sort of love it is that has neither judgment nor reason for a foundation."

The subject of her doubts and fears, and yet unquestioning fondness, was himself in a dull humor with his mother's guests, and rather given to gloom when all was over. He was inclined to feel much disgusted with his friend Raye, a poor trifling creature, as he thought, to spend the day in an ardent effort to win the fancy of a mere child, a being too winsome to be won and worn by any man, and one that he himself had spared. He now questioned the wisdom that had led him to decide as he had done, and looked at the still and placid comeliness of his choice, in contrast to the airy grace and bright fascinations of the flashing Leonore, with a dissatisfied eye.

"I really do not believe I am in love at all," he finally concluded as he retired from his displeased mother's presence that night, "and when I did Olivia the injustice to imagine I was, and tell her so, I was the greatest dunce I shall ever be in the whole affair, let it turn which way it will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rye Flour for Bread.

Mr. Wm. Ray Smee, writing in the London Morning Star directs attention to the use of rye bread, on the score of cheapness. The writer adverts to the fact "that bread made from rye is eaten by all ranks of society in the northeast of Europe, and is scarcely ever absent from the tables of the noble and the wealthy, because two sorts of bread are considered more wholesome and more nourishing than the exclusive use of one." Of the two kinds of bread, the rye and the finest wheaten, made at the Vienna bakery of the Paris Exhibition, and served at the adjoining large beer-drinking hall, the rye bread was largely taken in preference. The case of a German is cited, who in his own country used to eat a slice of wheaten bread and a slice of rye bread together, and who, on his coming to reside in England, suffered much in health from the entire use of wheaten bread.

To be somewhat more specific than Mr. Smee in relation to the use of rye bread by the people of the northeast of Europe, we would add, that rye is the chief staple for farinaceous food of Sweden, northern Russia, and the southern part of Norway, also Germany and the larger part of France. It is, indeed, said to nourish a more numerous population than wheat itself. In France and in Germany it is usual to eat bread of the flour of the two grains mixed in nearly equal proportions, and called *metail*. Rye flour contains some gluten or nitrogenous element, and also starch and sugar. The proportion of the former in rye to that in wheat has been estimated as 5 to 10. Rye bread may be kept for a length of time without losing its flavor, or being otherwise changed; and hence, the country people in France only bake every eight or ten days. The Swedish peasantry carry their economy of labor and fuel still further, in baking their rye cakes only twice in the year. As may be readily supposed, these cakes are most of the time as hard as a board, and require strong teeth for their mastication.

An inquiry into the whole question of farinaceous food, by a Royal Commission, is recommended by Mr. Smee, and also that it should report whether bread could not be made advantageously by machinery, similar to that shown at the Paris Exposition, and for which the gold medal was awarded. Many of our readers must remember that the making of bread in this way was carried on for a while in Philadelphia by a company of liberal and public-spirited gentlemen, but their efforts were not crowned with success. To say whether the bread sold by the bakers could not be improved and made more nourishing, would be another part of the duty of the proposed Commission. The reform here must come from the consumers, so soon as they ask for bread of a coarser unbolted flour, and learn that this is much more nourishing than the bread made by the new fine white flour, for which they evince such marked preference.—*Public Ledger.*

☞ The Kingston (Canada) papers say that the frequent earthquake shocks, or some other cause, have induced the deer in the mountain region of Lake Champlain to descend into the plain on the Canadian side of the line. They are so plentiful and tame as to be seen eating in settlers' barn-yards with the cattle.

☞ I have a little sister about three years of age, that is saying cunning things every day. One morning, seeing a pitch-fork by the kitchen door, she said:—"There's the fork my little pony eats hay with."

SATURDAY EV

PHILADELPHIA, SATU

NOTICE.—Correspo keep copies of any send to us, in order t of loss; as we cannot safe keeping or return

The Death Shado

We can supply back to Jan. 4th, containin teresting story.

"ONE OF TH

We regret to say tha to supply the number ing the early chapte numbers between Nov ber 28th inclusive bei

We printed about each of those six nu would be sufficient to but we find that we w still supply back numb year, containing the w story.

NIAGARA

According to the *B* danger of Niagara Fal degenerating into a journal says:—

For more than a year pa of the vicinity have marke rapids at a point someth above the apex of the h which the greatest body o motion has been of a ch supposition that a breach rent through the soft shale stone that forms the prese cently the appearance of indicated, has undergone exactly in confirmation o those watching it do not the famous Horse-Shoe C ledge, over which the rive in course of being unde stream, breaking through mile, of course the conseq to ensue at any moment, r ing away of the face of whole form and appearanc perpendicular fall into a sleep decline.

Should the undermine give way, the Falls will pe greater distance than they the wearing of two or th Lyell estimates the ave *periods to have been abo* tain that a considerable c the Falls has taken pla rudely sketched his view we have exhibited a thi side toward the east, acro and caused by a great roc current in this direction, already disappeared when rallel, visited the place.

It was the opinion of P the effect of continued re diminish the height of t of the bed of the river at of the massive limestone bedded limestone above ceeding shales and marl must immediately follow, may become almost imm their base is at the base and their upper line is a This, Prof. Hall thought further recession of about of the fall must then be re

In 1815 and in 1828 gre the Falls with a concussi country around as by an e are presently awakened which starts them from t that Horseshoe Fall has past.

The above would a sonable. If it be tr visiting Niagara befo of the past, will be Visitors from the ol now will doubtless ne hotels at the Falls, if what is here predicted

It may be, however originating with the l mongers, and other bringing strangers to N a large portion of th the sharpest and mea desecrated the vicinity wonders. Americans were all of a pack—seemed to vie with ea could extort the most All the Scripture they was, "I was a strang If the Niagara Falls c shall consider it owi the Falls must feel fo those living in their n king a miserable gain

GRATE

Low-down grates a in our Eastern cities—plaint is that they amount of coal. The of the cellar furnace them—and are cheer giving.

A gentleman in the l mends a mode of treat which may possibly ap Not certainly, however minous coal in Engla anthracite. In cases or bituminous coal (as the plan recommended ceed. It is as follows

"Ordinary fire-gra have open bars at the which of course is to

VENING POST.

RDAY, FEBR'Y 1, 1868.

ndents should always manuscripts they may o avoid the possibility be responsible for the of any manuscript.

w of The Poplars.

numbers of THE POST g the whole of this in-

IE FAMILY."

t we are no longer able s of THE POST contain- rs of this story—the ember 23d and Decem- ng exhausted.

5,000 extra papers of mbers, and thought it supply all the demand, ere mistaken. We can bers to the first of the hole of Mrs. Hosmer's

A FALLS.

ffalo Express, there is ls breaking down, and simple rapids. That

st, some watchful residents ed a peculiar motion of the ning less than half a mile horse shoe in the channel f water descends, and this aracter to give rise to the had been made by the cur- strata underlying the lime- nt ledge of the Falls. Re- the rapids, at the point a marked change, and so of the theory stated, that doubt the speedy doom of Cataract. If the limestone r now falls, is, as supposed, rmined by a subterranean as far back as nearly half a uence, inevitable and liable must be an immense break- the cataract, changing its e—perhaps converting the shooting rapid, down a

d ledge of the Horseshoe erhaps recede at one step a y have been borne back by ree centuries. Sir William erage recession in recent f a foot a year. It is cer- change in the situation of e since Father Hennepin in 1678; for in that sketch rd fall, from the Canadian as the line of the main fall, k that turned the divided In 1750 this feature had Kalm, the Swedish natu-

rof. Hall in his report that cession must be to gradually he Falls, both by the rising their base and by the slope to a lower level. The thin- being swept off, the suc- s of the Onondaga group and the Falls, he thought, mediately stationary, when of the massive sandstone s now over its upper edge. likely to be the case after a two miles, and the height educed to about 80 feet. t fragments of rock fall at on which shook the whole arthquake. If our citizens some morning by a shock their beds, they may know become a memory of the

ppear to be very rea- ue, the importance of re it becomes a thing evident to every one. l world as well as the xt summer throng the there is any danger of

, a mere false alarm, otel keepers, curiosity persons interested in Niagara. We remember e tribe as being about nest beings that ever of one of the world's and Canadians, they and the nationalities ach other as to which money out of visitors. seemed to have heard r, and ye *took me in.*" ever do melt away, we g to the total disgust r the larger portion of neighborhood, and ma- out of their glories.

FIRES.

re now very common but the general con- consume a shocking y are used not in place s, but to supplement rful as well as heat-

London Builder recom- ing the English grates, pply to American ones. r, for they burn bitu- and, and we generally however where coke in the West) is burned, d would probably suc- :—

es, as we all know, bottom; the result of place the coal between two draughts, and ensures rapid consumption and diminished heat in the apartment. Now, to make one scuttle of coal go as far as three, send for an ironmonger or blacksmith, and order him to take the measure of the bottom of your grate and make you a sheet-iron plate about one-sixth of an inch in thickness, or even less, which, if your grate be large, will cost you 2s. Simply lay this on the bottom of the grate, then let your servant lay and light your fire as usual. It will soon burn up, but you must keep pretty open the lowest bar, so as to secure a slight draught. When the fire has begun to burn poke it gently from beneath, and the flame will gradually get through the entire mass of coals, the iron plate beneath gets red hot, and so keeps up a constant combustion, at the same time dispersing the heat through the room, instead of its being sent up the chimney, thus entirely consuming the coal, instead of filling the hearth with ashes. Mr. Warren says—'In my own house I tried the experiment for a week in the breakfast-room, then in the dining-room, then in the kitchen, with uniform and complete success; and then I had the sheet-iron plate put into every fire-place—and there are a many throughout the house—with equal success. So I do with the fire-place in my official residence. When the fire is once made up, say about 10 A. M., for the day, an occasional poke, and possibly a single replenishment, suffices for the day. In my own case, and also at my hotel here, where three scuttles were required one now suffices.'"

It would not cost much to try this plan with a single grate. If any of our readers should try the experiment, will they please send us word how it works?

DICKENS'S READINGS.

The third and fourth readings during last week, were as well attended as the opening ones. "The Trial" from Pickwick was even more thoroughly enjoyed on its second reading; while the history of little Paul Dombey was given with great pathos and effect.

We regret to learn that after the present course, which is concluded in the two lectures of the present week, Mr. Dickens will be able to give but two additional readings in this city, which will be just before he leaves the country in April. He will not be able to go farther South than Washington, or West than Buffalo, which will be a great disappointment to the many Western cities that have desired to hear him read. If he were to satisfy all the demands upon him, he might, we should think, go on with his readings, in various places, for the next two years—and still have the great American public, like Oliver Twist, asking for "more."

DO NOT FORGET THE ONIONS.—In this time of year, when colds and coughs abound, do not forget that onions are often a better and surer cure than drugs. As a correspondent of the Western Rural, *says*:—"*Hardly too much can be said in favor of onions as a remedy for coughs and colds; especially for* children, they are invaluable. They may be cooked, and eaten at meal time, or, what is better, eaten raw with a little salt, or stirred up in vinegar. A syrup made of them has saved many a child from an attack of croup or lung fever, and where these diseases were fully settled, it has gone far toward a speedy cure. To prepare the syrup, slice an onion in a tin basin, pour upon it a half a teacupful of molasses, or, what is better, honey; add a bit of butter as large as a small chestnut; set the dish in the oven, and simmer slowly for an hour. Leave one of the oven doors open, so it will not be too hot."

Onions are one of the most nutritious and wholesome of vegetables, and were it not for the shocking odor they leave upon the breath, we should advise everybody to eat them daily. As it is, we can only recommend them in cases of necessity.

MADAME MUHLBACH.—It seems that the true name of this well-known authoress is Madame Mundt. Before her marriage, when she was Clara Muller, she wrote several works. Believing that should she use her maiden name as an authoress, she would be known as "Die Mullerin" (the feminine of Muller, "the milleress"), she adopted the *nom de plume* of C. Muhlbach (mill-stream), thus retaining her true initials. In the proof title-page of her first publication, the C. was mistaken for an L., the characters in the German manuscript being very nearly alike; but she preferred to let the error remain, and the L. was supposed to stand for Louisa. So Madame Clara Mundt now goes by the name (so far as her literary personality is concerned) of Madame L. Muhlbach.

Madame Mundt is now a widow, her husband, Dr. Mundt, having died in 1861, deeply regretted for his exemplary character and fine abilities.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST. A Tale of the Dark and Bloody Ground. By EMERSON BENNETT, author of "The Forged Will," "Clara Moreland," &c. Published by John E. Potter & Co., 614 and 617 Sansom street, Phila. This story, which is now published in book form, is marked by Mr. Bennett's usual characteristics. It is full of incident and adventure, and the style is clear and expressive. Many of our readers who perused it delightedly while running through the columns of THE POST, will no doubt embrace this opportunity to procure it in a more permanent form. Price $2.00.

GEMMA. A Novel. By T. A. TROLLOPE, author of "Lindisfarn Chase," &c. The scene of this novel is laid in Sienna, Italy, and the plot is said to exhibit unusual skill. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

LITTLE DORRITT. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Illustrated. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price $1.50 in cloth.

☞ A woman lately looking at Gordon press, on which the San Francisco Free Press was being printed, looked up in the face of her male companion, and in the most earnest manner inquired. "Arrah, Tim! san' them's the things as writes the paypers? Be's them the things they call eyedaters? Holy Mother of Moses! does the Yankees lie, abuse, and blackguard one another by machinery?"

Courting her Brother.

A good story is told of a gay and festive major, residing in the vicinity of Philadelphia, which is too good to be lost. It seems that the major has been in the habit of paying his "distresses" to a young lady, living several miles in the country, and a short time since he sallied "out thar," as Sambo would say, to see his "ducky." On arriving, he put up his horse, which, by-the-way, the major regards with feelings of peculiar pride, and entered the house. The first person he met was the young lady's brother, with whom the usual compliments passed. The major was conducted to the parlor, and the brother determined to play a practical joke, so he soon after engaged in a political discussion with him. Now this is one of the major's weak points. He will sit and talk politics by the hour, and grow so warm on the subject as to drive every other thought from his mind. The brother knew this and profited by it, knowing full well the real object of the major was to see his sister, who fortunately was absent at some of her relatives. The debate grew warm, and continued with apparent animation on the part of the brother until about 11 o'clock in the evening, when, observing the time, he remarked that it was growing late, and asked him to stay all night. "Pshaw," exclaimed the astonished major, "I came out to see ——, where is she?" The brother coolly replied that she was absent on a visit, and would not return for several days. "The d—l you say; and here you have kept me for five hours, when you knew I didn't care a darn about talking with you." "Just so, major," said the brother, "but then I knew you were some on politics, and I wanted to see you spread yourself, and as sis was away, I thought the opportunity was too good to allow it to escape unimproved." To say there was a hearty laugh at the expense of the major would be but a faint idea of what transpired, and he agreed to buy the cigars if the brother would say no more about it—which he didn't, of course. We may mention the fact that the major found his way back to town about 3 o'clock next morning, and declared that the next time he went courting he would leave politics at home, and attend to the legitimate object of his visit.—*Exchange Paper.*

Mothers.

I used to draw under my mother's superintendence, and to her I read aloud books of history and general literature. It is thus that she developed in me that love of reading and that curiosity for all things which were the springs of my life.—*Cuvier.*

The loss of a mother is always severely felt. Even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying-point, around which affection and obedience and a thousand tender endeavors to please, concentrate, and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn. It is like that lonely star before us—neither its heat or light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends.—*Lamartine.*

"I, too, acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush or a high towering wide-shadowing tree! either a sick, yellow cabbage or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth it is the duty of all philosophers to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education—what furthered, what hindered, what in any way modified it.—*Carlyle.*

Listen, good mothers: this is not a question of one of those idle studies, the only aim of which is to stock the memory; the education of the soul is an important question, the most important which can be agitated on this earth. It is not only a matter which regards yourselves, but also the flesh of your flesh, the blood of your blood, those poor little creatures whom you have brought into this world, with passions, vices, love, hatred, pain, and death; for these are in truth what they have received from you with the life of the body; and these will indeed be miserable presents, if you do not also educate their souls, that is to say, arm them wherewith to fight, lead them to a light whereby they may direct themselves.—*Amie Martin.*

An Amateur Wet Nurse.

An unsophisticated, innocent young woman, one of a large family of maidens in indigent circumstances, resolved to make an effort for personal independence by undertaking some honest vocation. With this view she carefully searched the newspapers, and decided to respond to an advertisement for a wet nurse. On going to the house of the advertiser she was confronted by the family physician, who had been strictly enjoined to inquire into the physical condition of applicants for the office, in order to secure one of unqualified excellence. The following scene ensued:

Young woman (eagerly)—"I have come to get the situation, if it isn't too late?"

Physician (scanning the maidenly figure before him)—"But, madam, you do not appear to be very robust."

Young woman (confidently)—"Oh, sir, my health is very good. I haven't been sick since I was a baby."

Physician—"Yes, madam; but is your baby in good health?"

Young woman (blushingly)—"I haven't any baby, sir."

Physician (energetically)—"Why, you are not married?"

Young woman (timidly)—"No, sir; not yet."

Physician (comprehending the situation)—"Well, my dear young woman, I don't think you will do for a wet nurse."

Young woman—"Perhaps not at first, sir; but I am perfectly willing to learn."

☞ John Paul says: "I never was a good carver, which is one good reason why I do not have turkey on my table every day instead of only once a year. Hash is much easier to help; there are no joints to puzzle me, no crooked necks, side-bones, and gizzards to drive one to distraction, so I make it the standing dish in my household. Those who think we take it for cheapness, make a mistake. The convenience of the thing is its recommendation."

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"You will do now for my purpose,' he said.

"'Mercy!" murmured the woman, for the third time.

"'If that's all you have to say, you may as well save your breath,' sneered Lebrun. Then, without another word, he took her up under his arm, as though she were a truss of straw; and opening the door, carried her into the little croft outside, and laid her on the grass. Then he went back into the mill and fetched another long piece of cord. The autumn morning, clear and chilly, was just breaking. The eastern sky was streaked with pencils of saffron light. Night's dark skirts still lingered in the west. The incoming tide was breaking in great showers of spray on the rocky teeth outside the bay, and beating, white-fringed and passionate, against the restraining sands, as though it were a prisoner beating its heart out against its prison bars.

"The huge wheel by which the machinery of the mill was set in motion worked in a deep stone trough, hollowed out of the ground, into which, after performing its office of turning the wheel, the water fell from above, and was carried away by some underground channel. The wheel itself was made of timber, strongly bolted and bound with iron.

"Lebrun's next action was to fetch the short ladder, by means of which Mere Babet had gained access to the mill. This he put down into the trough, so that its lower end rested on the broad tire of the mill-wheel. Then picking up Mere Babet, and holding the loose cord in his teeth, he cautiously descended the ladder, step by step, till he and his burden were safe at the bottom, standing inside the wheel on the green and slippery wood-work. With quick and nimble fingers, the miller next proceeded to tie the helpless woman to one of the huge spokes of the wheel. It was done quickly and well, and Lebrun nodded his head, and grinned sardonically at the excellence of his own handiwork. A low moan for mercy—always the same word—burst from Mere Babet's lips now and again. Otherwise she was silent. As soon as Lebrun had satisfied himself that it was impossible for his prisoner to escape, he deliberately remounted the ladder and drew it up after him. Then he paused and spoke. "You thought to rob Pierre Lebrun, and not suffer for it! Vile thief! You will never rob again. Long before this morning's sun is half-way up the sky, the devil, to whom you belong, will have claimed his own again. Adieu, ma mere! Present to his highness the assurance of my distinguished consideration, and tell him that if he ever ventures this way, I will serve him as I am serving you. Adieu! adieu!"

"A minute later, and the water began to flow. Lebrun was opening the sluice. At first a thin, trickling stream, but fast increasing in rush and volume, till the whole force of the water at the miller's command was brought to bear on the wheel and its burden. First the wheel creaked, then it shivered—as through shrinking from the terrible duty laid upon it—and then, as the water struck it more and more fiercely, it began slowly to revolve, and Mere Babet began to revolve with it. Tied firmly to one of the spokes, with her head pointing to the centre, and her feet touching the tire, as the wheel moved she moved with it, rising slowly, till her feet were in the air and her head downward; then coming slowly down on the other side. Never resting for a moment, never hurrying its pace, the wheel went round and round—a dripping monster that knew no weariness. But it was a monster that required constant feeding while it worked, and Pierre Lebrun was busy inside attending to its wants.

"'Work and play at the same time!' he muttered. 'It is not often that the two come together for a poor wretch like me. Oh! but it is sweet to be revenged!"

"He went out every few minutes to glance at his prisoner, and nodded his head, and rubbed his hands gleefully, to find how satisfactorily everything was progressing. The great wheel dripped and sparkled in the rays of the early sun, as the rushing stream smote it fiercely from above. La Mere Babet, rising and falling slowly, now lost in the depths of the trough, and anon coming up, up, up, only to swoop slowly down next moment, looked, except for her ghastly face, with its crown of white hair, and her wide-staring eyes, like a mere bundle of saturated clothes. Twice she had given utterance to a shriek, loud, agonized, far-reaching, that might well have frighted the sea-birds in their rocky haunts, and had caused even the miller's nut-brown cheek to pale for a moment. But that was half-an-hour ago, and many things might happen in that time. There was something dreadful about the woman's continued silence. Lebrun's visits to the little grassy hillock beside the trough became more frequent, and the scowl deepened on his face, as Mere Babet, with the devilish obstinacy of her sex, refused to speak, or even so much as to look at him. If she would only have shut those dreadful staring eyes for a moment! But even that seemed too much to expect. At length the death-like solitude became unbearable. 'Hallo! hallo! ma mere,' he cried. 'Are you asleep or awake? Has the water cooled your brain yet? Promise never to rob me again, and I'll set you free. Vile hag! why don't you speak? Speak! I say, or I'll keep you turning there till the day of judgment!"

"But la Mere Babet vouchsafed no answer. Not even by the flicker of an eyelid did she acknowledge that she heard what was said to her. The shrill scream of some wheeling sea-bird, the faint crowing of a cock on some distant farm, the heavy pulsing of the tide upon the shore, all these could be heard above the fierce rush of the mill-stream—these, but nothing more. Lebrun stood silent for a few moments; then he shook his clenched fist at his victim, drove his hands deep down into his pockets, and went back indoors.

"An hour later, Gaspard came up with the horse and cart, from Rozel. 'Good morning, my uncle. Have you succeeded in catching the thief?' he said, as he entered the mill.

"The miller nodded without speaking. Then taking his nephew by the sleeve, he drew him outside, and pointed to the still revolving wheel and its ghastly bundle of poor, dead humanity. 'Behold, how Pierre Lebrun revenges himself on those who do him an injury!' he said. 'We must hide this thing; and thou, my nephew, must keep a still tongue in thy head.'

"The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes. This time it was Gaspard's turn to nod his head, which he did in slow and significant assent to his uncle's words. The wheel was at once stopped, and the cords cut. The body was hid away under some empty sacks till evening, and buried after dark in a deep hole in the garden at the back of the mill.

"That la Mere Babet would be missed from several of her usual haunts, and her absence commented on, can hardly be doubted; but no active inquiry or search was ever made into her fate. Such a task was nobody's business—at least, the business of no private person—and the case was one that was never brought under the cognizance of justice. The old woman had been a vagrant and a wanderer for years; intercourse between people living at different parts of the island was by no means so common then as now; it was quite possible that la mere might have died and been buried in some little hamlet, and her friends, four or five miles away, be utterly unaware of the fact. So, as month after month went past, and the old woman was missed from her customary rounds, people could only shrug their shoulders, and suppose they should never see her again in this world, and hope that her wandering feet had found rest at last.

"At the mill of La Roquette matters went on, to all outward seeming, exactly as they had done for the last dozen years. The mill-wheel went round, and the miller and his nephew did their work after the same thorough fashion for which they had been so long noted; with the same disinclination for useless speech, and the same hard, grasping way in money matters. To their customers, there was no change visible in the old man or the young one; but, by-and-by, as autumn waned into the long mirk nights of winter, Gaspard began to note a change in his uncle, which troubled his sluggish mind more than anything had troubled it for years. It was a change that deepened with the deepening year, but that grew no lighter as the days crept out again; seeming, indeed, to lie a more unnatural burden on the souls of both the men when leafy spring had come round once more, and all the island was red and white with blossom. With wrongdoers it should ever be wintry weather.

"The change in Lebrun was marked by an increased moroseness and taciturnity of demeanor; by a growing habit of secret dram-drinking; and by a reluctance to venturing anywhere out of the warm-lighted kitchen after dark. He would talk, too, in his sleep, and mutter strange things, that made Gaspard's blood run cold to hear. He never drank during the day, and always attended well to business; but as soon as the afternoon began to darken, he would creep away, without saying a word to Gaspard, to a little corner cupboard where he kept his accounts and books, such as they were, and would drink deeply of the cognac that was always there ready to his hand. Then, as the evening advanced, he would visit the cupboard again, and yet again; and in the middle of the night Gaspard often heard him with the bottle at his lips. Sometimes, when he was in his worse moods, he would, greatly to Gaspard's horror, re-enact his part of the ghastly drama in which la Mere Babet had been the unhappy victim; but, in Lebrun's waking moments, the murdered woman's name was never mentioned between him and his nephew.

"Twelve months came and went, and brought the first anniversary of the tragedy of La Roquette. Gaspard had business down in St. Helier that day; but Lebrun, without assigning any reason, commanded that it should be put off till to-morrow. All the day he seemed in a very restless and uneasy mood, and unable to settle to any one task for long at a time; neither did he wait as usual till afternoon before having recourse to his friend in the cupboard. When the day's work was over, and night really come, Gaspard was astounded to see his uncle light three candles in place of the one poor dip which had always hitherto been sufficient for their needs; and for the first time he made no secret of his drinking. They were early-goers to bed at the mill, and when the fingers of the clock pointed to their ordinary hour for retiring, Gaspard would have gone as usual. But his uncle stopped him. 'I cannot sleep to-night,' he said. 'Thou must stay, my child, and keep me company.'

"So Gaspard stayed, and the night went on. Outside there was a strong wind blowing, and a deep-voiced sea rolling heavily in; but the sky was cloudless and bright with stars. There was a restlessness upon Lebrun, which drove him frequently to the outer door. He would open it for a space of a few inches, would seem to listen intently for a little while, would then close the door, sigh deeply, and resume his seat by the fire. When he had done this for the fifth or sixth time, Gaspard broke the long silence by asking, 'Whom, then, do you expect, my uncle? and why do you listen so often at the door?'

"'I expect no one. I am listening to the voices; but I cannot tell clearly what they say.'

"'What voices, my uncle? I do not hear them.'

"'Then, old as I am, my ears are better than thine," said Lebrun, contemptuously.

"Next time he went to the door Gaspard followed him.

"'Hist! There they are again. Canst thou not hear them?'

"'I can hear no voices save those of the wind and the tide,' answered Gaspard.

"'Go! Thou art dead asleep,' answered Lebrun, as he shut the door. 'The night is full of voices. Soon I shall know what it is they have to tell me.'

"As the night wore on, Gaspard, on his warm seat by the fire, was gradually overcome by sleep. He was awoke by his uncle shaking him roughly by the shoulders, and on opening his eyes he saw that it was already daybreak. The door was wide open, and the inrush of the wind had put out the candles.

"'Awake, Gaspard! awake! There are not several voices this time, but one.'

"'Whose voice?' asked Gaspard, with a nameless dread creeping over him.

"'The voice of la Mere Babet. Canst thou not hear her calling? "Pierre Lebrun—Pierre Lebrun," she says, "I want thee. Come!"'

"'I hear nothing but the wind and the sea. It is all a bad
swered the white-fac
"'Fool! I tell the
has a great secret to
refuse to go.'
"Without waiting
the house, and went
Gaspard, nerveless fo
shivering with fright
against the door-post
the gray, chill dawn.
peared, leading his ol
'You are not going a
ed Gaspard; 'you ar
"'Hark! La Mere
interrupted Lebrun.
cried aloud; and, a
knew what had hap
scrambled on to the
riding at a sharp p
white hair, uncovered
At the bottom of th
waved his hand to Ga
horse to breast the s
formed the opposite
"Gaspard, like o
watching him. Wha
really called his uncl
turn to be called ne
to be nipped in a vice
his brain, but still he
fixed on Lebrun. G
fear on his own accou
wonder as to what
tentions could be.
and its rider slowly
side till the summit
stretch of undulatin
them. Across this th
at a headlong pace, a
as the flight of an ar
murmured Gaspard,
know whither he is
mare, and he will be
"He tried to sho
blown away in the
could do nothing but
and bated breath, w
happen next. He c
hand and foot urging
could see the space
precipice rapidly less
miller wave his arm
answer to his ghostl
see all this, and yet
to avert the catastro
a few seconds more
his very eyes.
"The horror upo
ing, but he could not
a single second. Ne
the fatal precipice!
more thickly. Lebr
violently, as he urg
greater speed. The
seemed to fly from u
out into space, a cle
one brief instant, an
were gone! The
below, caught them
the wild waves seize
them away, to mak
them for a few days
up contemptuously
"That very day
St. Helier, to the o
stable, and made a cl
affair. The body of
decent burial in co
from that day to this
has never found a te

Caught in

Dora and I had b
minutes—an unusu
when she suddenly b
gayest, sweetest pe
cars were going at th
hour, but Dora's lau
their noise and confu
"What is it, Do
said, half-piqued th
told me what pleased
wards.
"Nothing, Nell, o
of something funny.
tleman just in front
black whiskers and
Well, he's been wat
book for the last hal
would love to take a
your cheeks. Don't
with you, I'll bet m
was just thinking o
have read about y
handsome young fel
etc., and thought w
you could only mana
tleman for your brot
I was ready for fu
"Tell you what
eagerly. "You kn
since I went to scho
of course he's cha
then. Well, if that
brown eyes (he is ha
should get off at our
gets mixed up in t
denly for the first ti
flutter of delight, ca
give him such kissin
he saw his sweethea
"Yes, I would, if
sarcastically. "Yo
"Don't I dare, th
And so I dropped
silence till the train
Dora gave me a
pered that she knew
me, for the gentle
off.
I was not to be t
and so, as we steppe
saw the literary gen
the crowd, and wit
myself in his arms,
the mouth, hysteric
"Fred, you dear
do?"
I caught a glimps
danger of going into
pecting to hear the s
that there was som
surprise, he gave m
kissed me two or t
well—that I had gr
inquired for my littl
this time, was exci
the crowd, as they s
judging from her fra
"Father and mo
Nellie, and are so im
wait to see you. I w
know me, but I a

dream, my uncle,' an-
ed Gaspard.
e she is calling me. She
reveal, and I dare not

for an answer he left
off towards the stable.
r once in his life, and
and cold, stood leaning
, and looking out into
Presently Lebrun ap-
d horse by the bridle.
way, my uncle?' plead-
e not—'
Babet calls me again,'
'I come! I come!' he
lmost before Gaspard
pened, his uncle had
mare's back, and was
ace down the hill, his
, fluttering in the wind.
he hill he turned, and
spard, and then set his
weep of moorland that
ide of the valley.
he in a dream, stood
t if la Mere Babet had
e? Might it not be his
xt? His heart seemed
as this thought crossed
kept his straining eyes
radually the feeling of
ant was lost in one of
his uncle's ultimate in-
He watched the horse
mount the opposite hill-
was reached, and a wide
g moorland lay before
ey now began to speed
nd in a line as straight
row. 'Great heaven!'
'does not my uncle
going! Three minutes
over the precipice!'
ut, but his voice was
opposite direction. He
stand, with white face
aiting for what might
ould see Lebrun with
his horse madly on; he
between them and the
ening; he could see the
now and again, as if in
y summoner; he could
he was utterly powerless
the which he knew that
must bring about before

him was fast deepen-
turn his eyes away for
arer and still nearer to
Gaspard's breath came
n's arms were working
ged his horse to still
last few yards of turf
nder them. A wild leap
ached hand flung up for
d then horse and rider
rocks, a hundred feet
on their sharp teeth;
upon them and carried
e ghastly playthings of
, and then to toss them
on some far-away strand.
Gaspard went down to
ffice of the Chief Con-
can breast of the whole
la Mere Babet received
secrated ground; but
the Mill of La Roquette
nant."

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ny Own Trap.

een silent fully fifteen
l occurrence for us—
roke out into one of her
als of laughter. The
e rate of forty miles an
gh rang out above all
ssion.
rs, you witch you!" I
at she had not at first
her, and laughed after-

ily I was just thinking
Do you see that gen-
of us, with the beautiful
dreamy brown eyes?
ching you behind that
f-hour, looking as if he
bit of the red roses on
blush, but he is in love
y gold thimble on it. I
some of the stories I
oung ladies mistaking
lows for their brothers,
hat fun it would be if
go to mistake that gen-
her Fred.
n in a moment.
I'll do," I broke out,
w I haven't seen Fred
o!, three years ago, and
nged a great deal since
literary gentleman with
ndsome, isn't he, Dora?)
station, I'll wait till he
he crowd, see him sud-
me, rush up to him in a
ll him brother Fred, and
g as he hasn't had since
rt last."
I were you," said Dora,
n daren't, you know."
ough? wait and see."
back into the cushion in
stopped at our station.
wicked look, and whis-
my courage would fail
man was really getting

riumphed over, though;
d out on the platform I
tleman standing amidst
h a little bound threw
and kissing him full in
ally exclaimed—
brother, how do you

se of Dora—she was in
convulsions. I was ex-
tranger say, confusedly,
e mistake, but, to my
ne a hearty embrace—
hree times—said he was
rown a great deal; and
e friend Dora—who, all
ting the sympathies of
upposed she was insane,
antic laughter.
ther are expecting you,
patient they can scarcely
as afraid you would not
m really glad that my

image has been treasured up so carefully in my sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then, and I had not known him! I felt slightly ridiculous, and while introducing Dora to my brother, whispered her to keep quiet in reference to my intended trick.

I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so we all went to the carriage which was waiting for us, and drove rapidly to our home.

I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hands in his own all the time, and kissed me at unnecessary intervals; but to tell the truth, I had never loved him half so well before—never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me: father repeated it; and finally a frank, hearty voice broke out with—

"Hallo, sis! aren't you going to notice your scapegrace of a brother at all?"

And to my astonishment a handsome fellow I had not yet seen gave me a genuine hug, and a kiss that you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured; "are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was," pointing to the handsome gentleman I had embraced at the depot.

"Why, sis, are you crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went half way up the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? I didn't have time to go, and let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure and know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks, and passing himself off for me, I'll warrant."

I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly, and as they were all going into the house, I whispered to him—

"For pity's sake do not speak of that mistake. How could it have happened?"

"I overheard you talking in the cars, and will keep your secret only on one condition."

He whispered something to me that made my face flush scarlet; but I was at his mercy, and said I would think of it, reader; and to the delight of the whole family—Dora and Fred in particular—Archie and I were married in less than six months. And Dora said to me, as I bade her good-by, that it would give unspeakable delight to Fred and herself, if I would attend their wedding in a month to come, and I did so.

MY LOVE.

They call thee false as thou art fair,
They call thee fair and free—
A creature pliant as the air
And changeful as the sea:

But I who gaze with other eyes—
Who stand and watch afar,
Behold thee pure as yonder skies
And steadfast as a star!

A star that shines with flickering spark,
Thou dost not wane away,
But shed'st adown the purple dark
The fulness of thy ray:

A rose whose odors freely part
At every zephyr's will,
Thou keep'st within thy folded heart
Its virgin sweetness still! T.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNDER THE MUD.

When Valentine Blake, in accordance with his expressed intention, informed Claude, over their cigars in the studio, of the subject of that *tete-a-tete* in the drawing-room, and of how he had determined to apply for the post which Mrs. Murphy had been so good as to put in his way, the painter's countenance assumed an unwonted scripusness.

"Wants you to be tutor to young Bentinck, does she? My dear Blake, I should have been less surprised if Selina had made love to you—less surprised, and I had almost said better pleased; for, depend upon it, she has got some crooked design in her mind. As for her solicitude to prevent this lad from growing up a scamp, that's rubbish. Why doesn't she take precautions in that way for her own Woody? I am sure he needs them. Pooh, pooh! Besides, between ourselves, Blake, my wife is not such an unruffled dove under disappointment as that comes to; she's a deal more like the fretful porcupine. Is it likely that she should feel this tender interest in one who has been the cause of her own child losing his inheritance?"

"The innocent cause," observed Blake quietly.

"Yes, yes; that's all very well; but his innocence is not the feature of his character which presents itself most obtrusively to Selina. I tell you, she hates the whole pack of them down at Sandalthwaite; and since she had it in her mind to supply this young fellow with a tutor, I must say I am glad she has pitched upon you. I honestly confess, Blake, that if she had chosen a man of whom I entertained a less high opinion, I should have been uncomfortable: had she chosen a scoundrel"—here Claude cast a cautious glance towards the door, and sank his voice to a whisper—"I would have written to Woodford myself to put him on his guard."

"Against what, in Heaven's name?" inquired the other.

"By Jove! that's just what I don't know," ejaculated Claude with vehemence. "I should have told him to 'look out,' that's all. It's my opinion, where her 'Woody' is concerned—of course, this is quite between ourselves—that Selina would stick at nothing. Her brother and she were never very cordial, and her marriage with your humble servant brought matters to a crisis. When her son and heir, as she called him, was born, she wrote the most aggravating letter to Woodford, who had been separated from his wife for years, and the consequence was—for I am sure he would never have done it except from pique—they came together again. Selina is secretly aware that it is her own act which has indirectly deprived her son of the reversion of a great estate. Do you think that makes her more resigned to its loss, Mr. Blake? If you do, you are unacquainted with human nature. Now, I am not a learned man, nor a business man, nor a man whose opinion you would ask in a case of conscience, perhaps, but I know men and women well. The knowledge has been thrown away upon me, it is true, so far as practical results go. I'm an indolent fellow, and like my ease; but if I chose to lay myself out to please society (which my wife is always harping about), I could cut out all the solemn sulky swells in Christendom. I know the laws of gravity, sir, though I don't choose to obey them.—Where was I? Oh— What I was about to say was this, that although I let the world go by me as it will, I look uncommonly hard at the passengers. Nothing makes much impression on me, in a general way, but I shall never forget—never—my wife's face when she opened Ernest Woodford's letter, in yonder breakfast-room, seventeen years ago, announcing this young Bentinck's birth. I will not depress you by alluding to the tigress robbed of her young, and, besides, that venerable metaphor would utterly fail to convey an idea of her expression of countenance. But if ever a woman 'looked snakes,' and *meant them*, that was the case with Selina Murphy. I tell you, sir, if the bending her little finger had been necessary to preserve from destruction her brother and sister-in-law, not to mention their new-born offspring, she would have had splints fitted on, such as a Chinawoman applies to her nails, and kept it stiff all the days of her life. I didn't like it *then*," concluded Mr. Murphy with energy; "and when I think of it in connection with her suggestion of this tutorship, I do not like it *now*."

For a moment or two, Valentine Blake pulled hard at his cigar in silence, then quietly answered:

"It was very natural that Mrs. Murphy should feel disappointed. I suppose she did not send her congratulations to Mr. Woodford?"

"You are treating this matter much too lightly, Blake," returned Claude with irritation. "I have put myself out about it—a thing I have not done about any circumstance (except when she wanted to deprive me of my tobacco) for these eighteen years—so, pray, do not underrate the prodigy. It will not occur again, mind you; so make the most of it. Congratulate him! Sir, she never wrote a line to him or his wife; *and she has never spoken one word upon the subject from that day to this*—I don't say to me, for that's nothing, but even to her charming son. Do you suppose that this doesn't mean mischief? If you do, I have again to tell you that you are unacquainted with human nature, and, in particular, that you know nothing about Selina Murphy."

It was curious to contrast the energetic volubility of the ordinary easy-going and Epicurean painter, with the quiet and dryly humorous tone of his companion's reply. It would really seem as though the two men had exchanged their respective temperaments.

"Do you suppose that your wife wants me to murder Master Bentinck?" asked Valentine Blake.

"Well, no: of course not. That's perfectly ridiculous, you know. She ain't a Lady Macbeth; though, if I could get her to sit for *that*, with Ernest Woodford's letter in her hand, I should catch just the right expression for the character."

"I assure you, Mr. Murphy," observed the young man smiling, "that there was nothing in your wife's looks while she was talking to *me*, that betrayed any sanguinary purpose. She looked somewhat embarrassed, indeed, from the first, but that may easily be accounted for (and, indeed, she herself hinted at the reason) by the awkwardness she felt at being about to offer me the money—"

"She offered you *money?*" gasped Claude, pale as a sheet. "Selina Murphy offered you money?"

"Yes: by-the-by, I forgot to tell you that she wanted to press a bank-note upon me.—Why, what's the matter, my friend?"

"I don't know, Blake: Heaven only does know. Look here: I saw you for the first time six hours ago, and this woman has been my wife for twenty years. If I am doing wrong in talking to you thus openly, God forgive me. But I fear—"

"Stop!" interposed the other imperatively. "Do not say anything for which you may be hereafter sorry. Whatever you have spoken to me—whatever suspicion you may have hinted—is a secret between us two. But there is no need for any such talk. Mrs. Murphy requested me to keep her informed of what is going on at Dewbank Hall, and simply from a misconception of my character, imagined that a bribe would render me more zealous. That is the simple explanation of—of—"

"The phenomenon," observed Claude, with a ghastly imitation of his old manner. "She has never given me a five-pound note in her life—never. Well, I should have liked to have seen her making the offer to you. With what contending emotions must she have been torn! What a study for the cold chisel! What a personification would she have made of that tender subject, Parting!"

"I assure you, Mr. Murphy, that you are now taking the proper view of the matter," observed the other earnestly. "I am certain that your wife meant her relatives no harm by sending me among them; nor, on the other hand, did she play the hypocrite, for the portrait which she drew of each can be scarcely flattering. You, of course, have seen the originals?"

"I know Woodford well," returned the painter, "but not his wife. I did not even know he had a wife, at the time when I was courting Selina up in Lakeland.—That is the district for young love, sir. Nature smiles upon it—except when it rains; poets have hallowed every square inch of it. There is one line of Wordsworth's where he speaks of the choice of a wife, in which I used to think at that time (and I'm sure of it now) that he hit off Mrs. Murphy to a nicety:

> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food.

If she has a blemish, indeed, it lies quite in the other direction; and her brother was of the same opinion."

"And you did not like Ernest Woodford?" observed Mr. Blake, dexterously taking ad-

vantage of the recurrence of name to arrest Claude in his tirade.

"Like him?—no, man. There was nothing to like in him. He was a mere human money-bag, very strongly stitched. His first conversation with me, and his last, and I believe all the intervening ones, was about money. Money was tight, he used to say: everybody was selling out. 'I am investing, sir; but then,' added he in consequential tones, 'I am the Individual, and not the General Public.' Thank Heaven for that, thought I; but it would not have done to have said it, for Ernest Woodford is no fool. He makes the slight mistake, indeed, of imagining himself to be a sagacious man: and, above all things, he prides himself upon having no enthusiasms; so beware, my dear Blake, how you broach your peculiar patriotic theories. Nay, the fellow has not even a prejudice—except one, by-the-by, and that is against all Irishmen. Fortunately, you have not much of a brogue, but what you have I recommend you to stifle."

"You don't paint my future employer in rose-color, Mr. Murphy. But your wife was mentioning some other folks I should meet with at Dewbank Hall. There was a Dr. Warton, for instance—the man who puts in the advertisement."

"Ah! you will find him a clever fellow, and an agreeable relief from the Black Squire, if drink has not by this time drowned his wits; but besides him, upon my life, I know nobody you'll have to speak to. Mr. Wilson, the parson, is a very good creature, I believe, but not having been taught the Cumberland dialect in my youth, I was never much edified by his company. Then there's little Evy—by-the-by, she is big Evy now—Miss Evelyn Sefton, my wife's niece; and if it was not simply impossible to foresee to what a child may grow up, I should say you would find hers the pleasantest face you ever set eyes on. Yes, I have very little doubt that Evy's beautiful, but I'll lay my life that Evy's good. A marvellous child, sir, that was; wise far beyond her years; exquisite and graceful in all her ways; and with a tenderness of heart that would do honor to an angel. Ah! if Providence had given *me* such a daughter, Mr. Blake, she would have made this howling wilderness here a smiling garden; she would have taken Woody himself in hand, and moulded him into some resemblance of the Human; she would have given an object in life to me— Yes, I know I've got one already, but I don't mean that sort of object. I'd have worked my fingers off for such a child as that; and every ten-pound note which I could have saved for her, would have given me greater pleasure than I now feel in spending them—and I am very fond of spending money, Mr. Blake."

"Miss Evelyn must indeed have been a wonder, as a child," observed the other drily. "How is it, being a woman, that she has not met with a husband?"

"Well, thereby hangs a curious story," returned the painter. "I see you are getting a little tired of my enthusiasm, but the fact is, not only did this girl endear herself to me (as she did to everybody who knew her, and was able to appreciate her worth,) but I had the misfortune to do her an involuntary wrong, which still more softens me towards her. Ernest Woodford had a nephew—Charles—a fine, bold, open-hearted lad, who naturally felt impatient of the restraints of such a home as that at Sandalthwaite; and when his uncle asked my opinion of what should be done with him, my recommendation was to let him see the world. I did not mean exile, with half the globe placed between the poor young fellow and his friends; but his uncle, wishing to get rid of him, since the boy's nature shamed his own by contrast, as I fancy, affected to take me at my word, and so Charles was sent abroad—and died there: he was drowned in Rio harbor."

Claude Murphy's rich voice grew quite hoarse; and it took some time, and a deep draught of whiskey and water, to reinstate it in its proper key.

"Well, you may smile," continued he, "but, I believe, child as she was, that Evy was in love with him; not the boy with *her*, you know, of course, although he used to call her 'his little wife.' At all events, when the news came of his death, you might have thought the child had been really left a widow. I have been told it was the saddest thing to see the change wrought in that young creature. There was but little passionate grief, such as one would have expected, but a shadow fell on her young life which has darkened it ever since. Perhaps I am wrong in this opinion; perhaps the young woman would have married long ago, had she had any suitable offer, which, it is likely enough, has been wanting at Sandalthwaite; but my belief is what I have stated. When you become her cousin's tutor, you will have an opportunity of judging Evy Sefton for yourself."

"Yes," returned Valentine Blake, thoughtfully, "and whatever I find her, I shall, at all events, remember that she once inspired Claude Murphy with genuine affection and respect."

"A man that knows men and women well, sir," observed the painter, pulling up his shirt-collar.

"A man that has a sound heart, sir, which is better," returned his bearded friend, reaching his hand across the table to grasp Claude's.

"Well, upon my life, I don't know, Blake," answered his host, shaking his head doubtfully, while griping the proffered fingers with great cordiality. "Most times, I think I am a most awful scamp; but sometimes I do entertain the hope that there may be some good bottom under the mud."

CHAPTER XXIV.

UP THE SCREES.

"The road seems to wind here a good deal, my man," observed Valentine Blake, to the driver of the vehicle that was conveying him from the railway station to out-of-the-way Sandalthwaite. "Is there no short-cut over the hills?"

"Short-cut? Yes, there be straight over Blackbarrow yonder—but thou'lt not find it a nearer road, I war'n."

"Well, I'll try," returned the other, leaping out of the vehicle just as though it had been standing still, before the man could stop his horses. "If I get to the top of the hill, I suppose I shall catch sight of the house?"

"Ay, if thou get there, thou wilt. But thou maun luik out for the peat-moss; and there's kind o' screes to climb, where thou'lt rive thy cleighs, I war'n. And the top o' the Fell ain't allus where it luiks to be, thou'lt find."

"A very true observation, my man, which applies to other things than hills," replied Blake, smiling, "but I am used to rough travel, and to find my way in a strange country with less of direction than you have given me; so I will take my chance. Your horses will much prefer my room to my company, I am sure; and don't hurry the poor beasts—for if they take my luggage to Dewbank Hall at a foot's pace, it will get there in time enough."

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast," says the Scripture; but mercy to hired horses argues a much higher degree of benevolence; at all events, it evidenced as much to the honest Cumberland driver, who jogged on, well pleased enough with his lighted load, and muttered to himself: "A guid lad, a guid lad; but a fule tu that walks when he can ride."

Unconscious of this depreciating remark, Valentine Blake sprang up the hillside until the carriage had turned a bend of the road and was hidden from view; then he sat down, bareheaded, and surveyed the way by which he had come with pensive eyes. He had seen many grander sights than winding Blennerdale—with its broad, bright stream; filling up half the narrow valley, and its gray rocks mellowing in the April sunshine—but none more fair. There was not a house within view, nor even a shepherd's hut; nothing witnessed of man's hand save the long white straggling line which was the road, and the circle of great stones by the river's brink, which marked where the sheep-washing took place in its season; yet the peaceful spot looked very livable and home-like, and especially to the eyes of this wanderer in many lands; but he drew out his watch, and found that he must needs push on if he would reach Dewbank Hall at the time at which Mr. Woodford had written to say he should expect to see him at dinner. Valentine Blake therefore arose, though not without a sigh, and, with his long, firm strides, soon gained the ridge of upland, where the mountain breeze began to fan his forehead, and the weight of thought that sat there to dissolve beneath its influence, like snow in sunlight. There is nothing like the mountain air for drowning care—mountain-dew cannot compare with it for a moment; and then the sights upon that highest of highways are enough to warm the heart of an intending suicide, and make it in love with Life. But presently began quite another sort of natural beauties—the Screes, of which our way-farer had been warned. These were simply a loose mass of shingle, sloping down very abruptly to a mountain-tarn, but the colors of which vied with the rainbow. Valentine could see them shining far before him, more like some allegorical obstacle in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, than the reality of rocks and stones which they appeared as he drew nearer, with a slender path at the bottom, which followed every jut and cove of the black lake below.

"A nice place *for a surprise!*" thought the ex-soldier, as he set foot upon this narrow track, and cast his eyes upon the almost precipitous cliff upon his right, the enchanted coloring of which had almost entirely disappeared, leaving a bluish-yellow *detritus* of shingle, with here and there a knob of rock projecting like a cannon from a porthole.

"The folks at the top would only have to loosen a few of yonder boulders, and Giuseppe himself would hesitate to force his way."

Scarcely had Valentine given utterance to this reflection, when, as though the remark had provoked it, a huge round rock immediately above his proposed line of march began to move in its shallow bed: he could scarcely believe his eyes as he saw it tremble, and sway, and then rotating first slowly, then swifter and swifter, begin to leap with enormous bounds until it almost reached the bottom, when, with one gigantic spring, it rose into the air only to plunge with a sullen plash in the affrighted tarn. The noise, repeated as it was by a prolonged echo, was deafening: and the dust from the *debris*, which it shattered into a thousand pieces, wherever it touched, rising smoke-like from the points of contact, produced all the appearance of a cannon-shot: next to it succeeded a rapid settling of the shingle, exactly like the rattle of small-arms.

"I did not know there were such things as avalanches in this country," muttered the astonished Blake, coming to an involuntary pause. But before he could make up his mind either to advance or retreat, another and larger rock, as though emulating the morbid example of its fellow, sought refuge in the still depths of the tarn. The descent took place so much nearer to Valentine than the first, that he watched, not without apprehension, its deer-like bounds, as it set this and that huge stone, almost as large as itself, in motion, and well-nigh brought down the hillside with it. As Valentine looked up in wonder, as soon as the subsidence of the dust would permit him, to the place whence this second portent had proceeded, he thought he caught sight of a human head. It was withdrawn from his view immediately, but the impression was so strong on his mind that he had seen it, that he cried out: "Take care; there's a man below." Then, to his exceeding astonishment, a figure appeared on the edge of the cliff gesticulating like some malignant spectre in German legend, and concluding his pantomimic performances with a scream of exultant mirth. Valentine Blake's lips were what is called Cupidon, and it was a bad sign with him, and a worse for his enemy, when they grew straight and shut close together, as they did now.

"Look out!" cried a hoarse voice, apparently half-suffocated with laughter, and then a vast rock, directly overhanging the spot where Valentine stood, began to move; not easily, however, for it was more deeply embedded than the other, and required a good deal of leverage to set it in motion: it was owing to this fortunate circumstance that he was able to place a considerable distance between himself and its line of descent before it began to move; but even as it was, he incurred great risk, for the formidable missile happened to strike in its headlong course upon one of the projecting points of rock, whereupon it instantly became a shell, pulverizing into a hun
scattered themselves
the individual, a hand
man of about twenty
thus amusing himself
with twinkling mischi
had become of the
path was vacant. Fo
burned cheeks took
with the thought that
been carried consider
next, he leaped up int
a flourish with the
been using as a lever.

"Why, this fool o
"is absolutely coming

It certainly looked a
which Blake had un
chosen the very track
had taken, at the to
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slight ones, for as eve
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never swerved or hesi

"Who the devil can
young fellow a little u
ing his almost Herc
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a man in the countr
Blackness Screes.—I
other drew ominously
to scan that bearded f
with its eyes gleaming
its lips, that had nev
knit together with a p
no good—"I say, if y
throw any more stone

It was a little late
pose conditions with
the gates; and so it oc
young man himself, i
reply to his propositi
away at a sharp run, s
at full speed, and look
every other step, like
dent to retreat, but at
apprehension of being
the youth's confidence
for he was one of the
berland. He watched
the summit of the Sc
rest; he saw him take
and stanch in leisure
that flowed from a
where one of the st
struck it; no idea of
sent seemed to be ent
time he turned rou
longer interval, he b
the bearded man in
only running at great
which, to his practised
rance.

"That long gallop
hound's deep hate an
the most graceful fo
animal, and can be re
tance; and the youn
perfectly well aware
cut out for him; at t
the very great adva
ground, whereas his p
stranger to the distr
never tried the Scree
a foreigner.

"You have good l
fellow viciously, settin
together, like a wild
will see how they like

This was a vast stre
dangerous, indeed, b
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marked except from
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which was to all appe
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and most delicate spr
Without slackening
headlong speed, the
this narrow and to
until he found himsel
on the other side of t
head to see what had
Then, with something
ceived that not only
every turn and win
bloodhound-like accu
standing his own exc
gaining ground up
breadth of Blackbarr
in that part, had now
at this racing speed,
the edge of it, beneat
by no means immedia
of Sandalthwaite. T
which to descend, rig
ing five hundred feet
the same blind valley
had wooed and wo
former of which was
precipitous; and thi
of his pursuer's agilit
in his mind, the you
ment's hesitation, ch
lar, his own weight a
descent, so that in
could only be reckone
ed what was compa
yet lo! at the junct
there was the beard
with sparkling eyes
deed, but far less ou
ed to him, than out
and panting, the you
self in an instant d
taken by the throat,
tious child. "I shal
your breath, sir," s
"and then I shall g
and with that he fold
regarded the youth,
Claude might have lo
works of art, to whic
a few finishing-touch
so, a curious change
Blake's features; his

dred fragments, which far and wide. When some but coarse young years of age, who was , next peered down, evous eyes, to see what nhappy wayfarer, the one instant, his sun- leaden hue, smitten his practical joke had ably too far; but the the air, and executed cudgel which he had

a fellow," cried he, up the Screes!"

foolhardy task enough dertaken, but he had which the last boulder of which there was t a-rolling, so that he the difficulties of the These were indeed no ry step was placed on h not only gave way t, the shingle loosened ly poured down upon of these obstacles, evident, that if his im, the stranger's de- ng him to the top, the n of the heights began loosened the smaller is neighborhood, and reat particularity, at, at the coming foe; ith formidable stones, nt fire, which the at- or escaped according in the face of which it ated.

it be?" murmured the neasily, notwithstand- ulean proportions and udgel. "I don't know y that could come up say," roared he as the near, and he was able face for the first time, cold and vengeful, and er spoken save once, urpose that boded him ou'll be civil, I will not s."

for a garrison to pro- the enemy so close to curred perhaps to the or, upon receiving no on, he began to move although by no means ing behind him with one who thinks it pru- the same time has no overtaken. Nor was in his legs misplaced, best runners in Cum- the stranger arrive at rces, and sit down to out his handkerchief, ly fashion the blood place in his forehead, nall sharp stones had vengeance for the pre- rtained. But the next d, which was after a beheld, to his surprise, hot pursuit, and not speed, but in a manner d eye, suggested endu-

which can tire the d hunter's fire, is not rm of motion in any ecognized at some dis- g rock-compeller was that he had his work he same time, he had ntage of knowing his ursuer was certainly a ict (or he would have es), and most probably

egs," quoth the young g his large white teeth beast at bay, "but I the peat-moss."

tch of boggy land, not nt only traversable at zigzag track, in no way its being a shade less the peaty ground. To or left of this, was to o the pitch-like ooze, arance solid earth, and rous surface the fairest ing-flowers of the Fell. for an instant his now young man traversed tuous track, and not f upon the firm ground he bog, did he turn his become of his pursuer. y akin to terror, he per- was the latter following ding of the path with racy, but that, notwith- rtions, he was actually on him. The whole ow, which was narrow been well-nigh crossed and he was approaching h which lay, although ately, the vale and lake There were two ways by ht and left, both meet- or so lower down, in where Claude Murphy the fair Selina, the the longer but the less , with the recollection y upon the Screes fresh ng man, without a mo- ose. Tall and muscu- ided the rapidity of his a space of time that ed by seconds, he reach- ratively level ground; ion of the other path, ded man awaiting him, and heaving chest in- t of breath, as it seem- of temper. Wide-eyed ng Hercules found him- disarmed of his cudgel, and shaken like a frac- wait till you have got aid his captor sternly, ive you a thrashing;" ed his arms, and quietly very much as his friend oked at one of his own h he was about to put es. But while he did e came over Valentine brows, still knit, grew thoughtful rather than menacing; his eyes, which had contracted and acquired that steel-like hue which they wore only in moments of passion, opened to their fullest stretch, till astonishment at last entirely usurped the place of anger.

"What is your name—you young scoundrel?" asked he; but the latter part of the sentence seemed to arise rather from a sense of duty, than from the embers of irritation. "Tell me who you are, and you may save your skin."

"What's that to you?" answered the young fellow gruffly.

"The voice as like as the face," murmured Valentine to himself; "and the disposition, as it would seem, inherited too—What! you would, would you?"

"Ay, I would," replied the other grimly, who had suddenly taken advantage of his own recovered breath, and of his antagonist's pre-occupation, to throw himself upon Valentine from behind, pinioning his arms close to his side. "I'll give you a Cumberland 'felling,' and when you're down, I'll squeeze your throat a bit."

There was every probability of this threat being carried into effect, for, although the better-strung muscles of the elder man might have availed him in a protracted struggle, he knew that advantage to be useless to him in his present plight; and once down, from what he had experienced of the malignity of his foe, he did not doubt but that some serious injury would be inflicted on him. Had it been level ground, the powerful youth would easily have dragged him backwards, but the sloping turf enabled him to offer a stout resistance; this compelled his antagonist to put forth all his strength, and no sooner did he feel him do so, than Valentine instantly changed his tactics, and threw himself backwards with all his force. This stratagem succeeded even beyond his hopes; his enemy's feet slipped from under him, and he came to the ground with a terrible thud, with Valentine upon him. The weight of the former, added to the violence of the shock, beat the breath out of the young rascal's lungs, so that the other scarcely needed the wrench with which he twisted himself out of his arms to regain his freedom. "Treacherous scoundrel!" cried he leaping to his feet. "Get up, get up, I say, or it will be the worse for you."

Slowly and sulkily the young giant gathered himself together, and did as he was bid.

"Look me in the face, and listen," said Valentine sternly.

It was not a pleasant face for a scoundrel to look at, knowing that it was that of his master, and the voice was one which might have compelled the attention of a ticket-of-leave man; a face full of judgment without mercy, a voice like the tones of Doom. "Do you see this mark upon my forehead? a wound inflicted on an unoffending stranger, whom it was your duty to assist and guide. To amuse your idle time, you chose to put his life in peril, you yourself being, as you thought, in a place of safety. You are a cruel and cowardly man. I put to you a civil question—which I shall presently put to you again, for I mean to be answered—and your reply was a treacherous and unprovoked assault. Take this, therefore, to teach you better manners."

In an instant, like a bolt from the cloud, the clenched hand of Valentine Blake struck the young man with frightful force, as he stood sulkily submissive before him, and knocked him backwards. There he lay, on the green-sward, without sense or motion, till Valentine, stepping down to the beck-side, dipped his handkerchief in the cool stream, and applied it to the temples of the fallen man. "Will you tell me your name, you scoundrel?" said he gravely, as the other slowly opened his eyes. "If not, get up, and then I will knock you down again. The pole-axe is the only instrument with brutes like you."

"What do you want my name for?" growled the other querulously, but obviously cowed.

"Reasons are thrown away upon brutes. I want it; that is enough. Once more, then, what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Bentinck Woodford, and I live at Dewbank Hall," returned the other reluctantly.

"If you had told me that earlier, you would have spared yourself two black eyes," observed the victor calmly. "My name is Valentine Blake, and your father has sent for me to be your tutor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Roman Saturnalia.

There is, no doubt, a close connection between Christmas and the ancient Roman saturnalia. Towards the end of December all the Roman towns were in an unusual motion, and the children everywhere invoking Saturn; nothing was to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment; all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one-tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jollity. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purpose of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth adapted to the season and the place. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Glasses of all sizes were to be ready, and all were to drink when and what they choose. None but the most skillful musicians and tumblers were allowed to perform, for those people are worth nothing unless exquisite, as the Saturnalian laws decreed. Such was the Roman Saturnalia, the favorite popular recreation of Paganism.

THE GASTRIC JUICE.—Dr. Pavy holds that the alkaline blood permeating the coats of the stomach continually neutralizes the acid juice, and so prevents any injurious action. In cases where death has happened soon after a meal, the stomach has been found digested; the blood had ceased to flow. In like manner, any small animal, not containing sufficient blood to neutralize the acid, is digested soon after its introduction. All statements respecting the existence of lizards, and other animals of that class, in the stomach, must be regarded as fictions.

☞ "I'll give that girl a piece of my mind, exclaimed a young fellow. "I would not," replied his uncle, "you've none to spare."

AN ORIGINAL POEM BY HALLECK.

A Farewell to Connecticut.

I turned a last look to my dear native mountain,
As the dim flush of sunset grew pale in the sky;
All was still, save the music that leapt from the fountain,
And the wave of the woods to the summer-wind's sigh.

Far around, the gray mist of the twilight was stealing,
And the tints of the landscape had faded in blue,
Ere my pale lips could murmur the accents of feeling,
As it bade the fond scenes of my childhood adieu.

Oh! mock not that pang, for my heart was retracing
Past visions of happiness, sparkling and clear;
My heart was still warm with a mother's embracing,
My cheek was still wet with a fond sister's tear.

Like an infant's first sleep on the lap of its mother,
Were the days of my childhood—those days are no more;
And my sorrow's deep throb I had struggled to smother
Was that infant's wild cry when its first sleep was o'er.

Years have gone by, and remembrance now covers,
With the tinge of the moonbeam, the thoughts of that hour!
Yet still in his day-dream the wanderer hovers
'Round the cottage he left, and its green woven bower.

And Hope lingers near him, her wildest song breathing,
And points to a future day, distant and dim,
When the finger of sunset, its eglantine weaving,
Shall brighten the home of his childhood for him. —*Putnam's Magazine.*

Tests of Character.

A great many admirable acts are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, in the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. O! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!—*Colman's Rural World.*

The English "Specials'" Proclamation;

Or, Two Wrongs Make One Right.

Under the above head the *London Punch* gives the following. It says:—"The proclamation below speaks for itself: it is composed of two Fenian proclamations; (Manchester and Clerkenwell);" and is, in Punch's opinion, a glorious instance of two wrongs making one right:—

Hurrah for	Old England
Fenianism	Is a curse
We fight for	The Queen and Const'n
The Fenian brotherhood	Is a league with Satan
We love	Free Speech
This Rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	a Free Press
Shooting and plunder	Will not be tolerated
We will not fight for	The "Centre's" freedom
England's welfare	must be secured
We must succeed	at every hazard
The Union	We love
We Love not	Such wreck and waste
And never said	Let the Union sink
We want	The Union
Foreign intervention	cannot be allowed
We cherish	The British Flag
The Emerald green	Is a flaunting lie
We venerate	The powers that be
Fenian Chivalry	Is hateful mockery
Down with	Mob Law
Law and Order	Shall Triumph.

Vivat Regina!

☞ Upon one occasion, a number of big North Georgia mountain men had come in to a political meeting to hear A. H. Stephens speak. One huge, broad-shouldered giant, whose ideas of greatness were its identity with size, stood, mouth agape, waiting to see the famous leader. When he appeared, the astonishment of the mountain bear was intense. "That Aleck Stephens! By jingo, if he was just greased behind the ears, I could swallow him whole!" The orator overheard the remark. "No doubt you could, my friend," said he, "and if you did, you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head." The retort was eminently successful, and was enjoyed as heartily by the victim of it as by the rest.

☞ A meeting took place many years ago in a bookstore in this city between the late President Goodwin, of Trinity College, and the late Charles Sigourney, husband of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Both gentlemen were very precise in their manners of dress and habits of speech. Mr. Sigourney was engaged in conversation with a lady, known to both himself and Mr. Goodwin. As the latter entered the store he said: "Fine weather, Mr. Sigourney!" No reply. "Fine weather, fine weather, Mr. Sigourney!" Still no response. "Fine weather, I say," persisted the venerable President. "Yes, sir," hastily rejoined Mr. Sigourney. "I heard you the first time, but I never allow myself to reply to anything that has no relevancy—no relevancy, sir—never!"

The Ceremony of Presentation to the Queen.

To be presented to the Queen is the boast of English women and men. The presentation rooms are on the second story, and occupy the entire quadrangle of St. James, opeing one into the other through the whole suit.

About six Levees are held a year. It takes a hundred men three weeks to prepare the rooms. Everything is measured by the inexorable law of etiquette. The dress is prescribed; the material, the length of the trains, the mode of dressing the hair, and the style of the garments. The doors would be shut in the face of the highest lady in the land if she departed in the slightest degree from the well known law. The dress of the ladies must be velvet, satin, silk, lace, or tulle. Brides are allowed to wear white tulle, and widows black tulle; but each must be trimmed with roses or variegated ribbons. Peers, ambassadors, and military officers wear their full uniform. Judges wear wigs, and lawyers appear in gowns of scarlet and black, according to their rank. Bishops and the clergy who have the run of the Court, come out in full clerical costume. The Court dress of "gentlemen" is a black dress coat and pants, waite vest, which must be open, with white cravat. The Master of Ceremonies prescribes the order for dressing the hair. Court hair-dressers are few. They are engaged not only hours but days before the presentation. Some ladies who can do no better, have their hair fixed from twenty-four to thirty-six hours before the Presentation, and do their sleeping in a sitting posture.

The Throne Room is a right royal room. There is not a seat in it except the Throne and the gilded chair at the foot. On a platform reached by three steps and on a crimson carpet, spattered with gold, stands a gilt gothic chair, surmounted by a crown. This is the Throne. It is covered with a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with heavy gold lace. On the top of the canopy is a golden cushion on which rest a larger gold crown. The Throne Room is very long, nearly two hundred feet. Running the whole length is a heavy iron fence, full five feet high; capped with crimson velvet. Between it and the wall is a narrow passage leading from the entrance to the Throne, through which but one person can pass at a time. The great throng below, at a given signal come up the stairway, which is covered with cocoa matting and worn crimson carpeting. They enter the great Audience Room, that opens into the Throne Room.

The Audience Room is very gorgeous with satin hangings, radiant with vermillion and gold, but it is all cut up into little cattle pens, made of iron railings very high and strong. They open one into another, the whole length of the great chamber, making a zig-zag passage from the entrance to the Throne Room. These pens are separated by heavy iron gates, guarded by officials, through which each person has to pass. Precedence is everything. When the signal *is given below the rush commences.* The fine ladies become a disorderly mob. They crowd on each other, rend laces, trample velvets and satins under foot, and with all these guards to keep them orderly, they often appear in the "Presence," as it is called, all tattered and torn and in a state of general dilapidation.

Back of the Throne is the Queen's closet. It is a little dilapidated looking room, low studded, scantly furnished, but old, which is the great attraction. Her Majesty is painfully promp. At the exact moment she comes out of her Royal Closet and takes her stand on the lower step of the Throne. On the signal being given Her Majesty's Ministers with the Foreign Embassadors enter from the private door, file singly before the Queen, bow, and take their station in the centre of the room where they remain. The crowd is admitted one by one, passing through all the pens till they approach the Throne. To manage the train is no easy matter. Lessons are given in this art as on horse-back riding, each lady has to take care of her train herself. She throws it over her arm, and in the carriage the huge pile towers above her head. She carries it up the stairway to the audience room. Here a "Page of the Prince," as he is called, takes the train, holds it till she enters the Throne Room where he drops it.

The party passes up the narrow pathway to the place where the Queen stands, makes a low bow, and then backs down the whole length of the room. The lady cannot turn her back on the Queen, nor take up her train. It is etiquette for the Ministers and Ambassadors, who occupy the centre of the room, to lift the train and pass it from one to another while the lady backs down to the door. The moment she gets outside of the Throne Room she must take care of herself, and reach her carriage as best she can. She cannot remain. A strong iron bar prevents her from repeating the luxury of presentation. She draws her finery through the crowd and disappears, and finds her coach when she can, which may be half a mile off, for the coaches of the nobility take precedence. The Presentation lasts about one minute. It costs months of labor and anxiety, and great expense. The finery will be worn on no other occasion. But the party has been "presented at Court," and will tell it to her children's children. When the Queen holds Court it lasts just one hour exactly. During the whole time she stands like a statue, as cold, as insensible. She neither bows nor speaks. The mass file before her as if she was hewn out of stone.

From the Sunday Times, N. Y. City.

EXCELLENT TEAS.—We have tasted some of the tea sold by the Great American Tea Company, and can safely pronounce it excellent. How such teas can be sold at such prices is a marvel.

☞ The old salutation taught by French readers, "Comment vous portez-vous?" has given way, in Paris, to the shorter "Comment allez-vous?" as in this country we now say "How are you?" for "How do you do?"

☞ Father Babaz, a French savant, has been studying the habits of spiders, and asserts that they can fly and swim in the air. He says they perform this feat by turning their backs to the ground and keeping their legs closely folded up on their bodies, and that in this posture they sail about with perfect ease.

☞ Lately, in the midst of one of the heavy showers of a prolonged storm, a little miss was observed at the window crying bitterly. "What is the matter?" she was asked. "I'm 'faid," "There's nothing here to hurt you; what are you afraid of?" "*'Faid of Noah!*"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull. Sales 800 bbls of northwest family at $10@10,50, and 5000 bbls to the retailers and bakers at $7,50@8,25 for superfine; $8,50@9,50 for extra; $10@11,50 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $11@12,75 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@14,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $8,50@8,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little movement in Wheat. About 20,000 bus sold at $2,50@2,65 for prime Penna and southern red, $2,40@2,45 for fair to good do, $2@2,25 for common, and $2,80@3,20 ₱ bus for white, as to quality. Rye—8000 bus sold in lots at $1,02@1,05 ₱ bus for Penna. Corn—37,000 bus new Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,12@1,16, and 40,000 bus new western mixed at $1,23@1,25. Oats—30,000 bus sold at 74@78c ₱ bus for Penna and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Sales of Pork at $20 for old, and $22,50 for new; $18,50 for prime do; and $18 for prime. Dressed Hogs sell at 8¼@9c ₱ lb. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 15@15½c; Sides are taken, in lots, at 13@13½c, and Shoulders at 11½@12c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 13@13½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 9@9½c. Lard—Sales of 700 tcs and bbls, at 13½@13¾c, and kegs at 14c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 15@25c, and roll at 25@35c ₱ lb. Cheese—Sales at 15½c. Eggs sell at 35@35c ₱ doz.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 40c ₱ lb.

FEATHERS—Sales of Western at 60@75c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 7@8c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8c, and halves at 9½@10c ₱ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 15@22c ₱ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $4 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Sales of best quality Timothy Hay at $1,10@1,15 ₱ 100 lbs; mixed and inferior 95c@$1, and Straw at 85c@$1.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 58@65c, and Western at 60@75c ₱ lb.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull; sales of No 1 at $38; No 2 at $36, and $32 to 34 for forge.

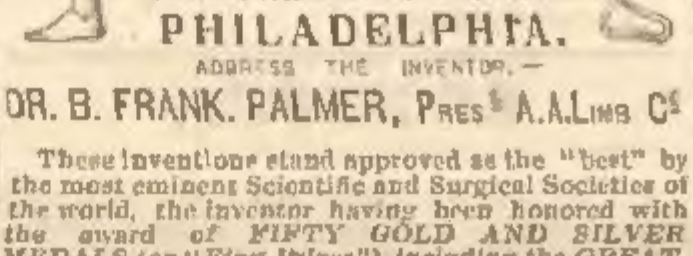
SEEDS—1000 bus Clovereed sold in lots at $7,75@8,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is quoted at $2,75@3. Flaxseed sells at $2,90@3 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at 11@11¼c, and country at 10½@11½c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are reported at 54 to 55c for double extra; 48@49c for extra; 42@43c for fine; 40@41c for medium; 25@28c for coarse; 40@42c for tub washed; 32@35c for extra Western pulled, and 20@32c ₱ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 9½@10¾ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5@7 cts ₱ lb. 4800 Hogs sold at from $10,00 to 10,50 ₱ 100 lbs.



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WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870,

was never better. The means so far provided for construction have proved ample, and there is no lack of funds for the most vigorous prosecution of the enterprise. These means are divided into four classes:

1.—UNITED STATES BONDS,

Having thirty years to run, and bearing six per cent. currency interest, at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States takes a *second lien* as security. The interest on these Bonds is paid by the United States government, which also pays the Company one-half the amount of its bills in money for transporting its freight, troops, mails, &c. The remaining half these bills is placed to the Company's credit, and forms a sinking fund which may finally discharge the whole amount of this lien.

2.—FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

By its charter the Company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the bonds issued by the government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.* The Trustees for the Bondholders, are the Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator from New York, and the Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of the U. S. House of Representatives, who are responsible for the delivery of these Bonds to the Company in accordance with the terms of the law.

3.—THE LAND GRANT.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant or absolute *donation* from the government of 12,800 acres to the mile on the line of the road, which will not be worth less than $1.50 per acre, at the lowest valuation.

4.—THE CAPITAL STOCK.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which $6,500,000 have been paid on the work already done.

The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made with responsible parties (who have already finished over 540 miles), at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. This price includes all necessary shops for construction and repairs of cars, depots, stations, and all other incidental buildings, and also locomotives, passenger, baggage, and freight cars, and other requisites rolling stock, to an amount that shall not be less than $5,000 per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Union Pacific Company to be $90,000 per mile,

The Total Cost of Eleven Hundred Miles will be as follows:

914 miles, at $68,058,	$62,205,012
186 miles, at $90,000,	16,740,000
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c.,	4,000,000
Amount,	$82,945,012

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the Company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

Available Cash Resources for Building Eleven Hundred Miles:

U. S. Bonds,	$39,828,000
First Mortgage Bonds,	20,828,000
Capital Stock paid in on the work now done,	6,500,000
Land Grant, 14,060,000 acres, at $1.50 per acre,	21,120,000
Total,	$88,276,000

The Company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY.

At present, the profits of the Company are derived only from its local traffic, but this is already much more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the Bonds the Company can issue, if not another mile were built. It is not doubted that when the road is completed the through traffic of the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States will be large beyond precedent, and, as there will be no competition, it can always be done at profitable rates.

It will be noticed that the Union Pacific Railroad is, in fact, a *Government Work*, built under the supervision of Government officers, and to a large extent with Government money, and that its bonds are issued under Government direction. It is believed that no similar security is so carefully guarded, and certainly no other is based upon a larger or more valuable property. As the Company's

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

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90 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR,

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And in New York at the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau street, and by

CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau street,
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and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States. Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained of the Company's Offices, or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,

NEW YORK.

January 8th, 1868. jan25-2t

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Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

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WANTED, AGENTS—(Male or Female)—Can clear $50 per week at their own home, in a light and honorable business. Address, sending two stamps for full particulars, E. E. LOCKWOOD,
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WANTED, LADIES or GENTLEMEN, to sell the Gem Scissors Sharpener, Button Hole Cutter and Ripper, combined. 40 cents for sample or circular free. Mrs. ANNA SMITH.
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$25 PER DAY.—Agents wanted, Male and Female, Local and Travelling. Business new. Steady employment. No capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

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$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. jan11-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mr. Billings on the Crow.

Next to the monkey, the crow haz the most devilтry to spare. They are born very wild, but kan be tamed az eazy az the goat kan, but a tame crow is aktually wuss than a sore thumb.

If thare is enny thing about the house that they kant git into it is bekause the thing aint big enuff. I had rather watch a distrikt skool than one tame crow. Crows live on what they kan steal, and they will steal enny thing that aint tied down.

They are fond ov meat vittles, and are the first tew hold an inquest over a departed horse, or a still sheep. They are a fine bird tew hunt, but a hard one tew kill; they kan see you 2 miles first, and will smell a gun right through the side ov a mountain.

They are not songstirs, although they hav a good voice to cultivate, but what they do sing they seem to understand thoroughly; long praktiss has made them perfekt.

The crow iz a tuff bird, and kan stand the heat like a blacksmith, and the cold like a stun wall.

They bild their nest among a tree, and lay twice, and both eggs would hatch out if they was laid in a snow bank. Thare aint no such thing as stopping a young crow.

Crows are very lengthy, I believe they live always, I never knu one to die a natral death, and dont beleave they kno how.

They are alwus thin in flesh, and are like an injun rubber show, poor inside and out.

They are not considered fine eating, altho, I hav read sumwhere ov biled crow, but still i never heard ov the same man hankering for some biled crow more than wonst.

This essa on the crow is coppied from natur, and if it is true I aint tew blame for it, natur made the crow, I didn't, if I had i would have made her more honester and just tuff enuff to make soop ov.

An Awful Muddle.

A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having united in the holy bands of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a couplet of his own composition, to a local paper, for publication, as follows:

"Married—On August 1st, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Euphremia Wiggins.

"Love is the union of two hearts that beat
in softest melody,
Time with its ravages imparts no bitter
fusion to its ecstacy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the paper, that he might see his name in print. The typo into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up, thus:

"Married—On August 1st, A Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphemia Piggins.

"Jove is an onion with two heads that belt
in softest melony,
Time with its cabbages imparts no better
food to an extra dray."

Waiting for a Lord.

Rather an amusing story is going about of a "green 'un," who came down from Castlefin the other day to Straburn on some business, and who, in returning again to the station, found he was almost in time to be too late. He hurried to the gate at full speed, but it was to hear the fatal signal given, and to see the train passing quietly off, at increasing speed. With a face full of excitement, and with as much authority as he was capable of commanding, he shouted to the guard at the top of his voice, "Stop, for Lord Lyfford is coming." It acted like magic. The obsequious guard instantly signalled, the speed soon slackened, the train stopped, moved back, and took its place at the platform, to wait his lordship's arrival. Meanwhile the very anxious herald secured his ticket, and, with great composure, took his seat in a third-class carriage. Then, putting his head out of the window, he informed the obliging guard that his lordship had entered, and that he might move on.—*London paper.*

Didn't Serve.

A certain Mobile deputy is decidedly unsophisticated. The other day he was out looking up a jury, and came across a gentleman who is noted for his love of joking. Stopping him on the street, he drew out his list and said:—"Mr. ——, I want you to be at the court-room to-morrow to serve on a special jury." Our friend, who has a decided disinclination to officiate in that capacity, drew himself up stiffly, and in the most dignified manner said:—"Are you aware, sir, that I am a Son of Malta?" The deputy, with an affrighted look, replied:—"No, sir, I was not. That excuses you, doesn't it?" "Well," replied our friend, in the same dignified manner, "you can draw your own inference about that, sir." The deputy replied—"That's all right, sir," and scratched our friend's name off the list, and passed on, greatly to his relief and amusement.

BEGGED TO BE EXCUSED.—A new song, entitled "Kiss Me," is being published in Louisville. A sweet and blushing maid having heard of it, proceeded to a music-store, and said to a modest clerk—"I want 'Rock me to Sleep.'" The piece of music was laid before her. "Now," said she, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee,'" and it was produced; "and," she continued, "now, 'Kiss Me.'" The young man blushed, stammered, and begged to be excused. [This last we doubt.]

A FASHIONABLE BONNET.—The Maine Farmer recommends country ladies to take a medium-sized pumpkin seed, carefully cut out the meat on the under side, put a narrow strip of fur around the edge, and fasten the strings to the sides, and they will have a bonnet in the pink of the fashion. The broad end of the bonnet should be worn in front to keep off the sun and wind.

☞ The first day a little boy went to school the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes, sir." "Well, how do you spell boy?" "Oh, just as other folks do."

☞ "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—of some one else.

CONSIDER OUR FEELINGS

SWELL TAILOR (to new customer, not from the West End).—ing, sir—but—a—you don't mean to wear *our* clothes with that h

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and
roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait
and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere;
We seem half way to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle-gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
O, how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmissive tears
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the
biers
Of those we love, to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen toward night?
Dear land! look always plain, look always
bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

The land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shore eternally possest;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

—*Faber.*

A Singular Adjutant.

During the battle of Waterloo, a young man on horseback stationed himself near the tent of the Duke of Wellington, attentively watching the battle. Wellington turned round upon him suddenly, with the air of a man who was looking for somebody, and on seeing a civilian quietly standing and looking on, he asked him rather abruptly: "Who are you! What are you doing here?" "My name is Jones," replied the man. "I am travelling agent for the large hardware house of Smith & Jenkins, London. When I learned at Brussels that a battle was imminent, I rode hither to see it, but I am afraid I shall have to lose and pay for my horse; the enemy's balls are in most unpleasant proximity." "Will you render England a service by taking an order to a certain point I shall indicate?" "Why not? It is a matter of indifference to me, where I go. But will your officers to whom I am to take that order, believe me?" "There—take my ring and tell the general what I am going to tell you now." The agent took the order, galloped off into the thickest of the battle, and the execution of certain movements of his army gave the Duke the assurance that his order had been delivered. The travelling agent, however, was nowhere to be found, and Wellington supposed him to have fallen.

Many years after this singular incident, a Mr. Jones was announced to the Duke, then at London, desiring to see him. Wellington instantly recognized his quondam adjutant, and questioned him as to the particulars of his perilous undertaking. Jones told him, that, after having delivered the order, he had been tossed about for several hours, and lost his horse by a cannon ball; that, however, he had not taken any part in the battle, since it did
Duke smiled and as
his gratitude for
Jones, by that tim
house, recommende
ment contract, an
Jones have ever
shovels for army an

Concern

There is a deal o
pulpit performance,
upon line," page u
suring the great ma
scarcely anything
for that so *effervesce*
the congregation
text of sermons. "
tiful sermon this mo
"Ah! glad to hea
ject?" "W-e-l-l, w-
w-e-l-l, now I decla
ject? What's this
really, what makes
sure I thought I co
it has slipped my m
And that's the w
generally so oily the
Why not rough th
raspish—so that sc
against the grain,
impressed that at l
and *leading thought*
membered.

☞ A young ma
train while in motio
porter, who asked
ness and residence

☞ The remark
ing the revolving
blows that light ou
light it!" was recei

☞ Gœthe says,
grow old to become
no fault committed
ted myself."

AGRICU

Grease

But few people
wagons and carrin
ing too plentifully
well-made wheel w
from ten to twenty
to use the right ki
grease; but if thi
to, they will be use
Lard should never
it will penetrate th
out around the te
spoil the wheel.
cator for wood axl
iron.

Just enough gre
the spindle of a
coating; this is la
surplus put on wil
and be forced by
nut-washers into th
of the boxes.

To oil an axletre
clean with a cloth
pentine, and then
tor oil near the sho
spoonful is sufficie
Farmer.

How to Hav

A horse team is
any one to keep,
teaming on the hig
ling is an impor
where a team is
only a short distan
animals a man can
strong team is a yo
rectly managed, a
the carting of m
wood and timber,
desire to haul aro
same time the oxen
at the expiration o
they cost at the ou

We will suppose,
son wishes to emp
time, for three or f
let him procure a y
and commence fee
tion to their other
ting them for bee
amount of heavy w
day, if they are on
worried, excited, a
bawling and disagr
ing oxen gently th

..." You'll excuse my ask-
at?"

not concern him. The
ked how he could express
the service rendered.
e made a partner of the
d the same for Govern-
d Smith, Jenkins, and
since furnished the coal
d navy use.

ing Sermons.

f pulpit preparation and
"word upon word, line
on page; and yet, mea-
ss of preaching, there is
the people buy and pay
s. How few persons of
an remember even the
, we had such a b-e-a-u-
rning—it was *splen*-did."
r it; what was the sub-
h-y, the subject? W-h-y,
re, let me see—the sub-
the text was?—now,
me *so* forgetful? I am
uld remember that—but
ind."
ay it goes. Sermons are
y *slip* the people's minds.
em a little—make them
mebody will be rubbed
stirred up, tendered, so
ast the text and theme
ts and points may be re-

n, about jumping from a
on, was deterred by a re-
for his name, age, busi-
for an obituary item.

of a passenger on view-
light, "Gosh! the wind
t as fast as the man can
ved with cheers.

"It is only necessary to
more indulgent. I see
that I have not commit-

ULTURAL.

ng Wagons.

are aware that they do
es more injury by grease
than in any other way. A
ll endure common wear
-five years, if care is taken
ad and proper amount of
matter is not attended
d up in five or six years.
be used on a wagon, for
e hub and work its way
nons of the spokes, and
Tallow is the best lubri-
etrees, and castor oil for

ase should be applied to
wagon to give it a light
tter than more, for the
l work out at the ends,
the shoulder-bands and
e hub around the outside

e, first wipe the spindle
wet with spirits of tur-
pply a few drops of cas-
ulder and end. One tea-
ont for the whole.—*Ohio*

re a Cheap Team.

a very expensive team for
unless he has constant
hway, where rapid travel-
tant consideration. But
required for carting loads
ce, the most satisfactory
employ for a heavy and
ke of good oxen. If cor-
yoke of oxen will do all
nure, muck, marl, fire-
that any one farmer may
und his farm, and at the
will sell for more money
f two or three years than
tock.
for example, that a per-
loy a team a part of the
ourdays in a week. Then
oke of good, thrifty oxen,
ding them meal, in addi-
feed, with a view of fit-
f. They will do a vast
work, and grow fat every
ly driven gently and not
nd fretted injuriously by
eeable drivers. By driv-
cy will move along mode-
rately with a plough or harrow eight hours out of twenty-four, or will cart heavy loads as many hours, chewing their cuds as they move, and continue to fatten every day until they are fitted for the shambles. This is quite feasible and practicable. On the contrary, if the oxen be slammed around, whipped, pounded and kept in a constant tremor of excitement by a mean driver, who is a terror to them, meal may be thrown into the manure heap with as much satisfaction as to feed it to oxen.

All cattle of the genus bovis must have time to chew the cud, or they will not thrive satisfactorily. Excitement of any kind suppresses the cud. When cows are worried or excited in any manner rumination ceases at once, and the animals forbear to chew the cud until they feel entirely quiet. A rough teamster may feed his oxen one dollar's worth of meal per day without making one cent's worth of meat, while a mild driver will perform the same amount of labor, with the same team, and make a dollar's worth of beef per day.—*S. Edwards Todd.*

It is a Mistake.

One who has evidently seen some poor practices, as well as those which are good, not only in the world at large, but especially among farmers, says:

It is a mistake, to attempt to fatten three hogs into 1,200 pounds of pork on just as much feed as would keep two nicely growing.

To estimate agricultural fairs as arrant humbugs, and spend three days every month saving the country at political meetings.

To depend upon borrowing your neighbor's rakes, mowers, and all sorts of implements in haying and harvest time.

To house up a thousand bushels of grain waiting for a rise, till one-tenth has gone to feed rats and mice, and the remainder smells like the essence of rat, and the price is down forty per cent.

To plant out a big orchard of fruit trees with a first thought of money-making, and leave them to do or die.

To keep two fancy five hundred dollar carriage horses, and pay six dollars a day for a team to plough.

To call "book learning" all bosh, to ignore news and agricultural papers, an attempt to keep an even yoke with your progressive neighbors by main strength and stupidness.

REMEDY FOR WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.—Any time that there are warts on a cow's teats, I take hold of the teat with one hand, and, with the thumb and finger of the other, take hold of the wart and give it a twist, and it will come out by the roots without any injury to the cow, and without the loss of much blood. I have been a milker of cows for the last thirty years, and that is the only way that I have taken to remove warts.—*Country Gentleman.*

RECEIPTS.

CORNED BEEF.—Put the beef into cold water for twenty-four hours, to draw off the blood. Let it drain well before putting it into the brine. Take one gallon of salt to eight gallons of water, one-half a pound of saltpetre, a quart of molasses, a pint of sugar, and one or two pods of red pepper. Boil and skim it, and when perfectly cold, pour it over the beef. If the weather is warm, add one quart of salt to the above. If the pickle sours, pour it off, boil, let it cool, and pour over the meat again. Keep the meat under the brine by weights.

TO PICKLE BEEF'S LIVER.—Wash the livers, and put them into a strong brine, and let them lie three weeks. Then hang and smoke them, as beef is done, until properly dry.

They make a nice relish for breakfast by stewing them for half-an-hour in water, and dressing them with cream and cut parsley. They must be shaved thin like chip beef, and soaked ten minutes in warm water before stewing.

Another way is to warm it up in a little butter, after it is soaked fresh.

MINCED MUTTON OR BEEF, BROWNED.—Cut some lean meat from a roast leg of mutton, chop it fine, season it with pepper and salt, chopped parsley, and a little onion; mix altogether with a quarter of a pound of grated bread, moisten with a tablespoonful of vinegar and a cup of good gravy; when put into the dish lay an ounce of butter in small bits on the top, grate bread over it, and add a little more butter; brown before the fire.

BEEF CAKES.—Pound some beef that is under-done with a little fat bacon or ham; season with pepper, salt, and a little shallot or garlic; mix them well, and make into small cakes three inches long, and half as wide and thick; fry them a light brown, and serve them in a good thick gravy.

SALT FISH WITH PARSNIPS.—Salt fish must always be well soaked in plenty of cold water the whole of the night before it is required for the following day's dinner. The salt fish must be put on to boil in plenty of cold water, without any salt, and when thoroughly done, should be well drained free from any water, and placed on a dish with plenty of well-boiled parsnips. Some sauce may be poured over the fish, which is to be made as follows, viz.: Mix two ounces of butter with three ounces of flour, pepper, and salt, a small glassful of vinegar, and a good half-pint of water. Stir this on the fire till it boils. A few hard-boiled eggs, chopped up and mixed in this sauce, would render the dish more acceptable.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Pare off the rind and wipe the nut dry; dissolve two ounces of sugar in a small teacup of water. Boil the sugar a few minutes, and add the grated cocoanut; keep stirring the mixture until it boils. When nearly cold, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, a dessertspoonful of orange flower-water, a wineglassful of brandy, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Line the dish with pastry. Pour the mixture in: bake it, and sift sugar over it before serving.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Pour a quart of warm milk over eight tablespoonfuls of tapioca that has been previously washed through several waters. When it is soft, add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, five well-beaten eggs, sugar, wine, and spice to your taste. Baked in a buttered dish.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 4, 5, 8, 12, 16, 17, 9, is what we should never be.
My 7, 8, 10, 18, 8, 12, is a name.
My 15, 14, 17, 5, 2, 16, 17, 9, is the way ladies over twenty-five years of age wish to appear.
My 13, 1, 11, is a man's name.
My whole is the first line of a popular song. E. CLARK.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of five letters.
Omit my 1st and I am a kind of passage.
Omit my 2d and I am used in variegated works.
My 4, 3, 1, is what many like occasionally to indulge in.
My 1, 5, 3, is a vegetable.
My 2, 5, 3, 1, is sometimes a dangerous experiment.
My 3, 2, 1, is a mountain.
My 1, 5, 3, 2, is a sound, sometimes an alarm.
My 1, 5, 4, is a small instrument, but one that can wield mighty power.
My whole is considered in astronomy and geometry, and is much used by carpenters.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ladder 30 feet long was standing upright against a vertical wall. A man began to ascend the ladder at a uniform velocity, and at the same instant the foot of the ladder began to move from the wall with the same uniform velocity. Required—the *curve* described by the man, its length and area.
ARTEMUS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When are gloves unsaleable? Ans.—When they are kept on hand.

☞ Why are a great many bills in Congress like lobsters? Ans.—Because, when read, (red) they lie on the table.

☞ What is the first thing a boy does when he falls into the water? Ans.—He gets wet.

☞ Why are ladies' eyes like persons separated by distant climes? Ans.—Because they correspond, but never meet.

☞ What part of a cigar is most like a tree? Ans.—The ash-is (ashes).

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Mount Carmel.—RIDDLE—January.

Answer to RIDDLE in Saturday Evening Post of January 18th, 1868—The fish which swallowed Jonah.

Wonderful Mechanism—A Steam Man.

Mr. Ladock Deddrick, a Newark machinist, has invented a man that, moved by steam, will perform some of the most important functions of humanity, standing upright, walking or running, as he is bidden, in any direction, and at almost any rate of speed, drawing after him a load whose weight would tax the strength of three stout draught horses. The man stands seven feet nine inches high, the other dimensions of the body being correctly proportioned, making him a second Daniel Lambert, by which name he is facetiously spoken of among the workmen. He weighs 500 pounds. Steam is generated in the body or trunk, which is nothing but a three-horse power engine, like those used in our steam fire-engines. The legs which support the automaton are complicated and wonderful. The steps are taken very naturally and quite easily. As the body is thrown forward upon the advanced foot the other is lifted from the ground by a spring, and thrown forward. As each step or pace advances the body two feet, and every revolution of the engine is capable of making more than a thousand revolutions a minute, it would get over the ground, on this calculation, at the rate of a little more than a mile a minute. As this would be working the legs faster than would be safe on uneven ground, or on city cobble-stones, it is proposed to run the engine at the rate of five hundred revolutions per minute, which would walk the man at the modest speed of half a mile a minute. The fellow is attached to a common rockaway carriage, whose shafts serve to support him in a vertical position. These shafts are two parts of iron, which are made fast in the usual manner to the iron axle of the carriage, and are curved so as to be joined to a circular sustaining bar, which passes around the waist, like a girth, and in which the man moves so as to face in any direction. Besides these motions, machinery has been arranged by which the figure can be thrown backward or forward, from a vertical, nearly 45 degrees. This is done to enable it to ascend or descend all grades. To the soles of the feet spikes or corks are fixed which effectually prevent slipping. The whole machine is so firmly sustained by the shafts, and has so excellent a foothold that two men are unable to push it over, or in any way throw it down. An upright post, which is arranged in front of the dash-board, and within easy reach of the front seats, sustains two miniature pilot wheels, by turning which these various motions and evolutions are directed. It is expected that sufficient coal can be stowed away under the back seat of the carriage to work the engine a day, and enough water in a tank under the front seat to last half a day. To prevent "the giant" from frightening horses, Mr. Deddrick intends to clothe it, and give it as nearly as possible a likeness to the rest of humanity. The boiler and such parts as are necessarily heated are to be encased in felt or woollen under-garments. The cost of this "first man" is $2,000, though the makers, Messrs. Deddrick & Grass, expect to manufacture succeeding ones, warranted to run a year without repair, for $300.